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The Week

GOVERNOR SMITH'S nomination had so long been foreseen as inevitable that when it came it was accepted as a matter of course. Yet it deserves to rank as a major miracle of American politics. Only four years ago, the representatives of the Solid South were so violently opposed to him that they were prepared to split the party if necessary, and to accept an overwhelming defeat at the polls, rather than accept this wet, urban, Catholic, Tammanyite and immigrant's son as the nominee. What has happened in the past four years to bring about the change which caused him to be nominated on the first ballot at Houston? One thing was the fading away of the South's chief candidate in 1924, William G. McAdoo. Another was the continued emergence of Governor Smith upon the national stage; he steadily became better known, and his presidential candidacy grew to seem less and less unreasonable. The political ideals of the Southern Democracy were identified to a large degree with the program of the Ku Klux Klan, and the shocking revelations regarding the latter since 1924 have in some measure, and perhaps unfairly, put those ideals into eclipse. Most important of all in changing the attitude of the party has been plain political expediency. The Democrats believed that they had a chance to win with Smith, and none at all with anyone else. It is as well to remember, however, that the conflicts within the party still exist even though they have been more or less successfully concealed at the moment. Half the Democrats are pretending to like a set of ideas they abhor, and the other half, in order to make this act a little easier, have agreed to pretend temporarily that their allegiance to these ideas is less enthusiastic than it really is.

GOVERNOR SMITH has received warm praise in some quarters for his courage in sending a telegram to the Houston convention in which, while he agreed that the law should be enforced as long as it remains on the statute books, he reiterated his opposition to prohibition. When anyone in political life speaks out frankly on any controversial issue, it is something of an event; yet in this case it is hard to see how Governor Smith could have done anything else. Every voter in the United States who ever reads a newspaper knows that the Governor is an irreconcilable antagonist of prohibition; he repeated his declaration of faith on the eve of the convention. If he had kept silent, it could not possibly have been interpreted as indicating any change of heart, and must therefore have been read as a mere cowardly equivocation. Governor Smith is not that sort of man; and even if he were, the least modicum of common sense would tell him that such an attitude at the very outset of his campaign would be fatal. He must run as a wet or not at all; and the dry Democrats who vote for him will have to do so on the ground that the President cannot change the law, and cannot even alter very materially the conditions of enforcement.

THE Democrats were a little happier than the Republicans in their vice-presidential selection, though there is not much to choose between Senator Robinson and his dear friend Senator Curtis. The naming of the Senator from Arkansas was clearly a sop thrown to the old South, forced to swallow such a bitter pill as Al Smith. It was not a necessary choice, and taking one of the Western progressive

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Democrats probably would have been better politics, but it was tactful. On the right side of the ledger for Senator Robinson are his stand against religious intolerance, expressed in his rebuke to Senator Heflin, his liberal policy in foreign affairs, his support of the Child Labor amendment, his vigorous assistance to the investigation of the oil scandals, and his insistence that Secretary Denby should be dismissed from the Coolidge cabinet. On the wrong side is the fact that he helped the recent fight against the Walsh resolution for a Senate investigation of the power trust, a struggle which to an unusual degree indicated where the members of the Senate stood on the issue of public service vs. private profits. He also suffers from a violent temper, which led him into a fist fight at the Democratic convention of 1912, and some years later caused him to be expelled from a Washington country club for an assault upon a fellow member. What could be said of the Republican selection of Curtis can also be said of the choice of Robinson: they might have done worse; but they might also have done ever so much better.

THE Mexican election was the purest technicality, as far as the presidency is concerned. General Obregon was the only candidate; his two chief rivals, Serrano and Gomez, had elected to make their contest on the battlefield instead of at the ballot box, and both were captured and executed when their military revolt failed. Obregon will now serve six years, but will not then be eligible for reëlection unless the law is again changed. It formerly permitted only one term of four years, and was altered not long ago, the tenure being extended two years and a total of two terms permitted to one man, provided they are not consecutive. When General Obregon takes office next December, he will continue the Calles policies; indeed, these have in the past been as much his as those of the incumbent.

MEXICAN skies are clearer at the moment than at any time in the past fifteen years, thanks in large part to the efforts of the present American Ambassador, Dwight W. Morrow. Some of the worst aspects of the oil dispute with the United States have been ended, with both sides making important concessions. It is not unreasonable to hope for a similar settlement of the controversies which have arisen under the land laws. While Mexico's general financial situation is still serious, it is improving and it may be possible to renew payments on the foreign debt within a few months. Chances are good that the dispute with the Catholic Church will be adjusted so that, while the deeper issues will probably remain unsettled, a *modus vivendi* will be reached permitting the priests to resume their normal function. The Mexican revolution will need many more years to work itself out, and in the meantime it is inevitable that makeshifts must be employed. Civil liberties are still restricted, and resort is had to devices of dictatorship. There is a difference, however, between dictatorship on behalf of the common man and such a rule as that of Machado in Cuba, which operates for the benefit of foreign capitalists. General Obregon may be trusted, we think, to keep in sight the purposes of the revolution, and to move toward them.

THOUGH the automobile industry is prosperous, its prosperity does not extend to the point of producing an ever-expanding total of cars, as it customarily has up to a year or two ago. As we have predicted, the domestic market is approaching temporary saturation, and the principal demand is now for replacements. This intensifies competition, leads to price reductions, and causes difficulties for the less successful competitor. These difficulties, in turn, are likely to produce mergers and increasing concentration of the industry. Our predictions in this regard are now receiving confirmation. The successful Chrysler firm is on the point of swallowing the Dodge organization, which has had difficulties in selling enough cars to make a substantial profit at the prices charged, ever since its reorganization by the bankers. And now Studebaker has made a bid for Pierce Arrow, which, attempting to enlarge its sales by means of price cuts, has not been successful enough in doing so to avoid a deficit. Unquestionably this industry, as so many others have done, is passing over the road of competition to an era of more concentration, price control and stabilization.

AFTER twenty years, Alabama has put an end to a barbarous practice for which there was never any excuse: the leasing out of convicts. The state was in the habit of renting its prisoners to private individuals, who often treated them with abominable cruelty, and nearly always overworked and half-starved them in order to get as large a profit from the transaction as possible. The abolition of the system came largely as a result of newspaper disclosures brought about by two particular cases, one in Alabama and one under similar conditions in Florida. In the first, a prisoner was terribly beaten and then deliberately thrown into a vat of boiling water, in which he died; in the other, a youth from North Dakota, given ninety days on a charge of vagrancy, was beaten to death. The Pulitzer papers in New York and St. Louis played a notable part in exposing the peonage of these Southern prisoners, and deserve credit for helping to bring about the present result.

THE Board of Directors of the National Educational Association has adopted a resolution denouncing the efforts of public utility corporations to spread their propaganda in the schools, an effort in which, as the Federal Trade Commission's investigation has revealed, they have spent hundreds of thousands

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of dollars in recent years, in addition to the millions used to influence the press and public opinion generally. The resolution "condemns the policy and efforts of agencies to put propaganda into the schools." It is based on a report made by the Secretary of the organization, Mr. J. W. Crabtree, who had obtained from educators information as to activities in numerous communities. He refers to the attempt to spread propaganda in the schools as an "insult to the intelligence of school authorities." He points out that in some cities the public utility companies are so strong that school principals and teachers do not dare raise their voices to protest what is going on, and he argues that there is all the more reason, therefore, for the N. E. A. to speak out. More important even than this resolution is the action of the Board of Directors in appointing a special committee to study the question of propaganda in general. This committee will report as to the principles which should be invoked regarding any material which comes to the school from one of the parties to a controversy, and will examine the situation of the individual teacher whose freedom of speech is curtailed because of pressure from the power trust and its friends.

IN THEIR new agreement with the New York clothing manufacturers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America have much improved the prospects of this market for recovering from the disorganization which has hampered its growth and endangered the livelihood of the employees. By conceding piece-work to the "inside shops"—the larger establishments which do all their own manufacturing—the union enables them to know their costs more accurately and increase their efficiency, thus competing to better advantage with the combination of jobber and small contractor, which is difficult for the union to control. Piece-work has long been a *bête noir* of the New York workers, because they remembered its exactions as practised before the days of a strong union; but it is quite a different matter when the piece rates become a subject of bargaining with a union able to enforce its decisions, as has been proved in Rochester and Chicago. Accompanying this concession is the establishment of an Unemployment Insurance Fund to cover 40,000 workers in the New York market, along the same lines as the fund which for five years has operated successfully in Chicago.

MR. FRED MARVIN of the Key Men of America is one of the most active of the country's professional patriots. In his "Daily Data Sheets" which he sells to large numbers of terrified Tories who see America on the brink of Bolshevism, he attacks nearly every well known liberal writer or lecturer in the country as a tool of Moscow—although sometimes he puts in a qualifying phrase to the effect that this particular tool is an unwitting one. Among those to whom he did not pay the doubtful compliment of calling them stupid rather than malevolent is Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, the Hungarian pacifist who is best remembered for her connection with the Ford peace ship. Mr. Marvin said that Mme. Schwimmer, when she talked in public on peace, was spreading Communist propaganda; and that her interest in the Ford junket was not based on a desire to end war, but to feather her own nest. Thereupon Mme. Schwimmer sued Mr. Marvin; and a New York jury has just awarded her $17,000 damages from him and an equal sum from the New York Commercial, a daily newspaper, now defunct, in whose columns he formerly published his attacks. It is said that libel suits against Mr. Marvin on behalf of other individuals are pending, and we do not see how he can legitimately complain of that. If his charges have been true, he should have no difficulty in proving them in court. If they have been false, as they seem to have been in the case of Mme. Schwimmer, he should welcome an opportunity to have that fact proved to him, and to mend his ways.

PROFESSOR GUSTAV CASSEL, the Swedish economist who is recognized internationally as an authority on foreign exchange, has just pointed out in an address at the University of Chicago the fact to which attention has frequently been called in the New Republic, that no test of Germany's ability to transfer reparation payments has yet been made under the Dawes Plan, because we have continuously lent to German borrowers more than Germany is required to pay. But Germany's sound requirements for foreign capital must come to an end some time, and then Germany could pay only by a surplus of exports. But here we should be found occupying an inconsistent position. While insisting on payment of reparations and war debts, we bar out as many imports as we can by protective tariffs. Most of the Allies also adhere to this policy. We must, says Professor Cassel, either modify our protective policy or "direct all endeavors toward a far-reaching cancellation of war obligations." There is one footnote to be added to this obviously sound judgment. By "triangular trade" we might allow Germany and the Allies to export a surplus of manufactures to the countries which supply us with raw materials, and accept our payment in these materials, which pay no duty. But that would mean relinquishing to European business by just that amount our exports to the raw-material producing countries. Whether the injury to the industries in question would be great enough to cause a necessity for reconsidering the debt question is a problem which we must face.

IN A recent issue of the New Republic, a plan was described by which paintings and statuary are rented for brief periods of time—usually a month—very much as books are withdrawn from circulating libraries. Such a scheme enables young artists, who

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have not reached the stage where their work sells readily, to receive some revenue from it. Persons who cannot afford to buy works of art are permitted to enjoy them in their homes, if only temporarily. The plan increases sales, because some works are rented out to persons who find that this companionate marriage ripens into desire for a permanent alliance. It makes the merits of some one statue or painting a matter of acute discussion in many homes twelve times a year, whereas a single picture, no matter how good, once it has been bought and hung, is all too likely presently to fade into the wall. This scheme has for some time been in active and successful operation in Liverpool and Chicago; and we are glad to be able to add Philadelphia to this list. The Art Alliance of that city has a "Circulating Picture Club" with a large membership. Not only do many individuals belong, but forty-five schools and settlement houses use its facilities. When the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company recently wanted prizes to award in a poster competition for "Safety Week," it chose thirty-five memberships, each of which was given to some public or parochial school. We hope this sensible movement will grow, and look forward to the time when New York, supposedly the art center of the western world, gets around to joining it.

IN an age when people of wealth are searching hard for respectable new causes to which to give their money, Mr. Charles F. Brush of Cleveland has established a foundation so sensible that we marvel no one thought of it sooner. He has put aside $500,000 to be devoted to no less a problem than restriction of population. Mr. Brush evidently believes in birth control. He is also enamored of the somewhat more dubious "science" of eugenics, and is an advocate of sterilization of the "mentally and physically unfit." In a statement issued with the announcement of the new foundation, he says that "the threat of overcrowding the earth is rapidly increasing; science now preserves the unfit; science should also improve the quality and reasonably limit the numbers of those born into the world; we are drifting rapidly toward the condition of China and India, where the people struggle, not for clothes, not for an education, but for something to eat."

THE same week which saw the announcement of the Brush Foundation witnessed the publication of vital statistics for 1927 by the U. S. Census Bureau. In these figures, the trends of the past few years are continued. The infant death rate has been still further reduced; whereas, ten years ago, a death rate of 100 per 1,000 live births per annum was not uncommon in the thirty-three states which comprise the registration area, the average for 1927 was only 64.3. This is an amazingly good record; even New Zealand, which leads the world in this respect, did not pass this figure until just before the Great War, and the American problem is greatly complicated by the presence of the Negro and the Mexican and other immigrants. Oregon, for example, with a large native white population, has a death rate of only 47.5, which is not far behind the New Zealand record, while Arizona, with a huge recent Mexican influx, has a rate of 125.8. The death rate for the population as a whole continues to decline, though at a slow pace which suggests that it may soon become stationary; it was 11.4 in 1927. The birth rate has also declined, from 20.6 in 1926 to 20.4. This net increase of nine per annum per thousand is still one of the largest in the western world, and is likely to diminish, as it is doing in almost every European country.

IT HAS become a truism to say that only the very rich and the very poor can afford good medical service. The rich can pay high fees; the poor get their medical attention in free clinics, where it is sometimes good and sometimes bad, is quite often perfunctory, and almost invariably given amid prison-like surroundings and accompanied by a minimum of human sympathy. For the great majority of the population which is neither rich nor poor, a serious illness or a major operation is usually a financial calamity; and even the routine advice and assistance which every family is likely to need at least once or twice a year must be obtained at higher prices than most people feel they can afford, though in most cases there is no reason to believe that the physician is profiteering. We are glad to report that this whole question is about to be studied by a formidable committee of experts, under the chairmanship of President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University, himself a physician. The groups represented are physicians in private practice, public health authorities, institutions and organizations, economists and the public. The committee will work for the next four years, with funds provided by the Carnegie Corporation, the Milbank Memorial Fund, the Russell Sage Foundation and the Twentieth Century Fund. In four years it ought to be able to find out all there is to know, particularly if it studies the practice of the Western European countries, in nearly all of which public attention has been given to this question and good medical service is available to everyone, whether he can easily afford it, can partially afford it, or can't afford it at all.

THE announcement that a country-wide chain of department stores is to be formed signalizes the combination of the two forms of retailing that have made the heaviest inroads on the business of the small, independent retailer. There are already in existence chains of so-called "department stores" which are largely limited to articles of low price and are an outgrowth of the five-and-ten-cent store. A few department stores of the ordinary type have also been combined under common ownership. But

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no large merger of the kind has hitherto occurred. It is a logical development, since the economies of centralized management and large-scale purchasing ought to be applied to the sort of consumer service which a modern department store offers. Under good management, an enterprise of this kind ought to be able to deflate national advertising to reasonable proportions and develop a more scientific method of purchasing for the consumer. It could, with great effect, carry out the technique of specification and test advocated by Messrs. Chase and Schlink in "Your Money's Worth," and if the public could be brought to place sufficient confidence in its advice, it might win a well deserved success by offering immensely superior price and quality. We hope that the new combination will take advantage of this opportunity.

MORE than one student of modern journalism has pointed out the dangers inherent in "chain ownership" of newspapers. Any millionaire, no matter how his money may have been acquired, or how unfit he may be, as an individual, to play the role of leader, may buy one newspaper after another and thereby become an influence in the lives of millions of people, in cities where he does not reside, cities of whose particular problems he knows little and cares less. In few cases do the editors of these papers have any real right to exercise their independent judgment in important issues; if the owner is a Republican, the papers are Republican, automatically and as a matter of course. We are glad to note, however, an exception to this rule. Mr. Frank E. Gannett, of Rochester, N. Y., is the owner of about a dozen newspapers in New York and the New England states. When he recently purchased the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, he took the occasion to announce that the editor would have complete control, and that if any difference of opinion arose between them, Mr. Gannett would merely write a letter to the editor, for publication, expressing his dissent.

> Under this new arrangement [he said] the editor of the Democrat and Chronicle will be able to express himself without dictation from me. He will not have to obey orders. So long as he is intellectually honest, sincere, fair, tolerant and clean, there will be no interference from me. . . . In his broad general policies he will have the utmost freedom—the freedom that every newspaper worker values most and has set as his ideal. . . . There is nothing dearer to all of us than freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Unless we can have full discussion of issues, and all the light possible on every subject, with all the facts that can be obtained, we cannot preserve this republic and our democracy cannot function.

This arrangement, to be sure, is not a perfect one. Mr. Gannett will presumably be the judge of the editor's intellectual honesty, sincerity, fairness, tolerance and cleanliness, and knowledge of that fact might easily sway an ordinary journalist, even though unconsciously, toward agreement with the owner. But we submit that, as compared with the typical situation in regard to chain-newspapers, it is a landmark. Mr. Gannett is to be congratulated on his experiment, and we shall watch the results.

Behold: The Bridegroom

THE nomination of Alfred Smith by the Democrats, like the nomination of Herbert Hoover by the Republicans, is a signal of the coming transformation of American politics at the hands of different social and economic forces. For the first time a representative of the unpedigreed, foreign-born, city-bred, many-tongued recent arrivals on the American scene has knocked on the door and aspired seriously to the presiding seat in the national Council Chamber. The champion of these newer synthetic Americans has abundantly earned the right to dispute the political leadership of the country with the older stock of the smaller towns and the better element of the large cities. Child though he be of Tammany Hall, of ward politics and of government by district leaders for the benefit of socially impoverished voters, Al Smith has broken through the barriers which were erected by his foreign origin and associations. He has won his leadership by a kind of sympathetic integrity of purpose and of political character. He has fought for the best program of government which the scope of state politics permitted and he has recruited support for state political reorganization not only from his Republican foes but, what is more remarkable, from his own Tammany comrades. No American politician could apparently have been more completely pocketed by his origin and his early career than Al Smith. No other American political leader has succeeded so completely in breaking out of the bondage of his past. He has exorcised the curse of an apparently fatal label; he has won the confidence of many of his fellow citizens who would ordinarily not have entertained the idea of voting for a Tammany politician in a brown derby.

Like Hoover also, not only his own positive qualities, but the weakness of his party opponents has contributed essentially to his success. Never throughout its long history, not even during the lean years which followed upon the Civil War, has the Democratic party shown less gumption than during the last four years. In Congress and in national politics generally it degenerated to the level of a helpless and barefaced accomplice of Republican rule for the exclusive benefit of business. It is Republican progressives, not Democrats, who have waged the only really effective warfare on Mellonism. The Democrats have helped to expose Republican corruption, but not to provide a fighting alternative for Republican policy. Notwithstanding the notorious vulnerability of the Republican official behavior and the class bias of their phil-

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osophy and program, the Democrats would have been unable, in the absence of Al Smith, to transform a bad record into political capital. Their only other possible candidate was Senator Jim Reed, and he was no more than an animated acidulous ghost of the body of old-fashioned Democracy. As compared with any competitor except Al Smith, he had certain advantages as a candidate. He would have lost, but he would have gone down with his flag flying and with his horn tooting, whereas any other Democrat would have contested defeat feebly and ignobly. Al Smith alone saved the Democrats either from getting their fun from being beaten or from being beaten without getting either satisfaction or credit. Apart from him it might just as well have gone into the hands of a receiver by repeating the nomination of John W. Davis. He, as the representative of the recently domesticated Americans, has breathed hope and perhaps life into a party and into the great class of less successful Americans, both of which seemed to have suffered of late from political dry rot.

It is natural for the Democratic party to seek salvation by inviting a kind of leadership which amounts in fact to the dictatorship of a single aggressive man. During its recurring intervals of moral vitality and electioneering prosperity it has consistently practised the tactics of confiding its management to some Big Chief, and of waiting until he played the tune before beginning to dance. The several partisan opponents of the Democracy, the Federalists, the Whigs and the Republicans, did not imitate the Democrats in this respect. They have habitually developed a group of competing and opinionated leaders all of whom proposed to have their say about party policy; and if one aggressive personality tried to assume the office of Big Chief and dominate the party, as Theodore Roosevelt did, he was more likely to tear it apart than to pull it together. But the Democrats have steered clear of fatal dissensions only by being thoroughly bossed. They submitted practically without protest first to Jefferson and then to Jackson. Subsequently the party's slave-holding wing assumed the character of an oligarchy, and after the passing of Jackson it refused to follow the northern democracy and accept the leadership of Douglas. Its irreconcilable attitude before and during the Civil War put the Democracy out of business for a generation, and when it finally came back, it was under the doubtful leadership of Grover Cleveland, for which it subsequently substituted the more doubtful leadership of William J. Bryan. It did not regain effective power until it allowed Woodrow Wilson, a dictator born and bred, to drive it in harness. The Democracy, now more than ever, is a sentimental and accommodating lady. She languishes without a bridegroom, but she does not mope. She knows when the bridegroom comes and she yields to his will gladly and utterly. Behold the bridegroom in Alfred Emanuel Smith!

The bride, however, is an elderly as well as a diffident and accommodating lady, and if the marriage is to be fruitful she needs to be rejuvenated. For a generation now the party doctors have observed this need of rejuvenation and have busied themselves with a remedy. They have uniformly suggested as sufficient for the purpose a tonic in the form of Jeffersonian revivalism. The bottle out of which Woodrow Wilson prescribed was labeled "The New Freedom," but when the physician himself passed out, the patient suffered a severe relapse. The present doctors of the Democratic party are now more enthusiastically than ever summoning the new bridegroom to animate his bride by singing to her the songs of her youth. Al Smith himself has tried but a few familiar ditties, and undoubtedly she likes it, but he will not succeed any better than Woodrow Wilson in rejuvenating her by any such literary revivalism. The lady needs new blood, new passions and new motives rather than the repetition of old formulas and shibboleths. The virtue of Al Smith consists chiefly in the fact that he may have in him the power to communicate to the party untouched sources of life and emotion.

It was natural for Woodrow Wilson, born as he was of Southern stock and brought up as he was in traditional American surroundings, to seek to revive the Democracy by the eloquent reinterpretation of familiar ideas, but it would be unnatural and meaningless for Al Smith to follow the example. He has received his education in the political and economic realities of his own time and people, not in Jeffersonian rhetoric. He was born the member of an upstart class which the older Americans have regarded with suspicion and which has not been allowed to interfere in national politics. This class of newcomers has taken advantage of American local self-government to exercise a great deal of political power in the municipalities and the states, but the much richer preserve of Washington was reserved for the representatives of the older traditions and the older families. It is Al Smith's work and his opportunity to find out whether, in spite of their inexperience in national politics, the people whom he represents do not embody a political impulse and outlook which is democratic without being traditionally American and upon which he can build. For if Hoover stands for the new business, Al Smith stands for the new strain in the American people. His forbears and comrades have never benefited from the pioneer traditions as did the older Americans, and they have always claimed from politics and good society an amount of sympathy and nourishment which the older Americanism denied to them.

Tammany had many failings and even vices, but it had one conspicuous and salutary virtue. It always took good care of its own people, who for the most part belonged to the class of the under dog. They were in danger of being ploughed under by the economic and social mechanism of American life, and

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they needed a helping hand. Tammany and the political analogues of Tammany in other large cities stretched out a hand and lifted them up when Fifth Avenue, the Back Bay, the Republican and the Democratic parties, the pioneer tradition and the small-town self-help psychology would all have allowed them to be submerged. Tammany Hall and its practices cannot be moved to the capitol and the White House, but the kind of solicitude which Tammany has exhibited for its own less fortunate people can be translated into a national economic and social policy. If it is so translated, without at the same time involving it in senseless antagonism to business in its efficient forms, the party and the leader who could work out the translation might earn the same kind of loyalty from its beneficiaries and arouse in them the same lively political consciousness that Tammany has earned from and aroused in its members. This urban democracy which has suffered so much from the neglect, the misunderstanding and even the contempt of its more deeply rooted and prosperous fellow countrymen stocks, furnishes a rich virgin soil for a national leader who has sprung from it and who knows, as Al Smith does, how to cultivate it. A brave and intelligent effort to cultivate it on Al Smith's part will do more to restore the vitality of the Democratic party than all the rattling in the world of the dry bones of Jeffersonian states' rights and anti-bureaucracy.

But, of course, he cannot recreate the Democratic party solely out of an urban democracy of foreign-bred or born who have not been understandingly or sympathetically treated by the older Americans and Americanism. He must supplement the limitations of his own following by seeking partners in other parts of the country; and the allies upon whom he is now depending: viz., the anti-Negro oligarchy of the South, will not follow very far on his prophetic journey. He cannot, of course, dispense with them during the present campaign, but the Republicans have presented him with a tempting opportunity of supplementing his active urban democratic following with a possible agrarian democratic assistant. The organized agrarians of the West are convinced that the Republican party is either indifferent to the interests and needs of the commodity farmer or else is incapable of taking care of him. In spite of their lack of contact with the city-bred Americans whom Al Smith represents, they may give the Smith democracy a chance and see whether it can produce a national agricultural policy. They have nothing to gain from the Republicans, and they are suffering from the effects of an even more costly discrimination against them by the dominant economic and social organization. Why should they not combine with the urban democracy of Al Smith to support a joint economic policy which instead of being planned chiefly for the benefit of the industrial producer, will not be afraid to use the legislative and administrative powers of the government more in the interest of the farmer and the wage-earner?

The Democratic Platform

JUST as the easiest strategy for the Republican platform-makers was to emphasize the reputation of the party in the past, so that of the Democrats was to attack that record, offering themselves as alternatives without attempting to prove their qualifications by stating what more desirable policies they intended to substitute. Easy as this strategy was, it is ineffective in the present situation. The more intelligent leaders of the party recognized that, in Al Smith's homely phraseology, good salesmanship consists, not in knocking your competitor, but in showing your goods. This is particularly true of a minority party seeking converts—more so than of a party whose only task is to hold a majority together. The Democratic platform bears some of the marks of the struggle of this idea with the vagueness which is ordinarily the escape of compromise. Some—but not enough; as a well knit and consistent exposition of policy the Democratic platform falls as far short as the Republican one.

True, the echo of Tilden's cry of "Turn the rascals out," and the denunciation of the Harding scandals, are perfectly legitimate material for a political opposition. The facts that under Coolidge the grosser of the misdeeds were not repeated, and that Hoover as well is a man of unimpeachable personal integrity, do not excuse the Republicans for remaining so long acquiescent in the concealment of guilt. And it is surely a handicap to Hoover that the tide in favor of his nomination was turned by one of the most corrupt local leaders of the day, who, in spite of his rejection as a member by the Senate, is still accepted in the councils of the Republican party. But for two reasons the sterile cry of indignation voiced in the Democratic platform is not adequate. The first is that the local Democratic machines are scarcely more reputable than the Republican; Smith can ill afford to expose his most vulnerable spot—his Tammany origin. More important still is this: that the Republican scandals, regarded as misdeeds of individuals, are matters of the past which most voters would be glad to forget. Their only lasting significance is the indication which they constitute of the sort of thing which is likely to happen under a party which consciously subordinates government to the material prosperity of the few. Only if the Democrats have a program and a character which can change the aims and outlook of the government, can they offer us genuine relief from the disease which broke out in virulent form under Harding, and which now is endemic.

The taxation record of the party, referred to in the platform, constitutes one of the weakest claims of the Democrats to be considered as a reliable agency for using the government for beneficial social purposes, rather than as a mere adjustment of big business. It is true that a non-partisan combination in Congress, in which many Democrats played a part, revised the Mellon plan of tax reduction so

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as to distribute more benefits to the small taxpayer. But, on the whole, the Democrats have merely tried to outdo the Republicans in distributing tax favors to everyone. Their plea for less rapid reduction of the national debt, and their insistence on the prevention of a surplus by further tax reductions would, if carried out, merely add to the unproductive burdens on the Treasury in the long run, and render impossible the use of taxation for the accumulation of funds to be employed for desirable social ends.

The tariff plank attempts to face both ways by implying, on the one hand, that revision will be undertaken to prevent monopoly from retaining advantages, and, on the other hand, that it will be used to confer equal benefits on all, including manufacturing industry. The simple economic fact is that a protective tariff which benefited all equally would benefit nobody, and would probably reduce all-round national efficiency somewhat.

The agricultural plank is much more satisfactory than the Republican, in that it recognizes the existence of crop surpluses as the center of the farm problem, and promises aid in their orderly marketing. But such aid can be successful only as an emergency measure; the main necessity is to restrict production so that unprofitable surpluses will not arise. Yet the plank specifically condemns restriction of production, and is as unsatisfactory on this point as the McNary-Haugen Bill itself.

In the matter of foreign policy, the Democrats present us with a number of pious resolutions, including non-interference in the internal affairs of other countries and further reduction of naval armaments. But the first is accompanied both by a declaration for protection of American lives and property abroad, and by a reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine. Protection of lives and property abroad under the Monroe Doctrine as at present interpreted is bound to lead to interference in the internal affairs of weak and disordered nations. There is no hint of the only way out—international rather than national action for foreign policing and for the support of political independence on the American continent. Likewise, in the problem of naval disarmament, the platform attributes failure merely to inept diplomacy, but does not visualize the basic complication of the unresolved conflict between Britain and the United States over neutral rights at sea.

The water-power plank promises retention of "sovereign title and control" over federal and state water-powers, to the end that a reasonable rate and equitable distribution of power may be achieved. This is susceptible of an interpretation which would mean government development of great water-power sites like Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and the St. Lawrence, plus adequate federal regulation of interstate power corporations. But it may also be interpreted to favor leases under the present regulatory authorities, advocated by the power interests themselves. There is no mention of Muscle Shoals or the activities of the power lobby.

The labor section ought to be satisfactory to the unions in promising relief from the abuse of injunctions and in other matters. But the plank on unemployment omits the first essential of a remedy—a national system of employment exchanges and an approach toward unemployment insurance. It does advocate the use of public works to furnish employment in periods of depression—a non-controversial issue likely to be favored also by Mr. Hoover.

In dealing with the disorganization of coal, the Democratic platform is essentially a duplicate of the Republican. It promises "constructive legislation," fair alike to capital, labor and the public. This is a blank check, which the party may later fill out with anything or nothing.

As is obvious to the whole world, the prohibition plank is a virtual duplicate of the Republican in attempting to please the wets and drys at the same time by promising enforcement without intimating what enforcement would involve, and saying nothing more. Only Al Smith's prompt declaration of his own position in favor of moderation prevents this issue from being as watery and indecisive as those presented by other parts of the platform.

If the denunciatory sections of the platform had been omitted, and the customary genuflections to Jefferson and states' rights were cut out, anyone who did not know might easily mistake this for a document the Hoover forces had drafted for the Republicans. It is merely another piece of evidence that the Democrats, like the Republicans, divided among themselves on almost every important issue, are forced in action to compromise on recommendations that are as nearly meaningless as possible.

In this case, as with the product of Kansas City, any meaning which the campaign is to have must be given it by the candidate. And Governor Smith, like Mr. Hoover, has so far, except on the prohibition issue, said nothing about national problems and has based his appeal merely on personality, record and organization. We have just four months in which to learn whether there is any considerable gain to be derived from entrusting power to one party rather than to the other.

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The Ominous Pause in China

EVEN yet (at the end of May) many aspects of the clash between Japanese and Chinese Nationalist troops at Tsinan remain obscure. Perhaps the full story never will be told, particularly the story of how the trouble first started. One especially significant feature of the situation created by these Tsinan incidents has become clear, however—a feature which is worth careful pondering by those who would keep informed on the development of Chinese thought and feeling and the possible consequences of this development on future relations between China and the other powers.

This feature is the practically complete absence of anti-Japanese violence in China. That the Chinese should resent bitterly what the Japanese military did was inevitable. Even those closely in touch with the movements of Chinese thought, however, have been surprised by the degree to which that resentment has been kept under control.

Mass meetings have been held in a number of the cities, especially in the south and along the Yangtze. Vigorous condemnation of the Japanese has been voiced in the press, in public speeches and in private conversation. An anti-Japanese boycott of considerable proportions has been started. Of actual anti-Japanese violence, directed against either Japanese individuals or Japanese property, however, there has been practically none. So far, the only case of actual attempted violence against Japanese in China—even in Tsinan itself, after the trouble subsided—occurred at Shanghai, when a few of what seemed to be coolies took a pot shot or two at some Japanese soldiers.

Feverish defense preparations by the Japanese authorities have shown that they expected much more than this. Additional troops or warships have been rushed to various centers where there were larger Japanese communities. In Canton, all the Japanese were ordered to evacuate to the foreign concession on the small island of Shameen or to the Japanese warships in the river. In Hankow further guards for the Japanese concession were landed from the warships. In Tientsin Japanese residing outside the Japanese concession were ordered to prepare for immediate removal to that area in case of necessity. In Peking trenches were dug and barbed-wire entanglements erected along that part of the *glacis* surrounding the legation quarter which is assigned for defense by the Japanese—and the polo field on part of the *glacis* was put into condition for use as an aeroplane landing field. Even in Mukden, where Japan is more strongly entrenched than anywhere else in China, special precautions against Chinese mob attack were taken. And from all these centers the Japanese, especially the women and children, have been moving away to Dairen or Japan.

In brief, the Japanese, both the authorities and the ordinary people, expected Chinese mob attacks on Japanese to follow the actions of the Japanese military at Tsinan. But there have been no such attacks. Chinese crowds have stood by in silence, watching the Japanese moves. Now and then there has been a muttered imprecation. The air has been filled with a menacing sullenness. But that is all, outwardly.

The Chinese crowds have kept the peace even under what seems extraordinarily ill-judged provocation. Certain happenings at Tsingtao and along the railway to Tsinan while the Japanese were sending troops to reënforce the guards at the latter city furnish an illustration in point. The story is told by several foreign witnesses.

The Japanese soldiers were scheduled to leave Tsingtao late in the afternoon. Before the time set, Japanese civilians began gathering at the railway station to bid the troops goodbye. Japanese guards were thrown in a wide circle around the station. Outside those guards a Chinese crowd formed, steadily increasing in size. Inside the line of guards, Japanese civilians congregated to the number of nearly three thousand.

Those civilians waved Japanese flags, sang Japanese war songs, shouted *Banzai* vociferously—generally gave an exhibition of exulting in Japanese military strength as exemplified by these troops. The Japanese guards paced along the line of the ring they had marked out, with, according to western eye-witnesses, an air of marked and somewhat grim truculence.

It is scarcely conceivable that, under similar circumstances, the affair would have passed off quietly in the United States or in any western country. Even in China it seems almost incredible—incredible that someone in all those Chinese crowds did not fire a shot or throw a stone; incredible that the Japanese military authorities should have permitted this flaunting of Japanese militarism in the face of a hostile populace.

On this latter point the Japanese authorities remark that it is the custom for Japanese civilians to gather and show enthusiasm as Japanese troops go by. That is true. But it also is true that if word had gone out from the authorities that the Japanese civilians, in view of the already very tense situation, were to remain at home in this case, they would have done so.

Were the Japanese military authorities deliberately trying to provoke Chinese violence as an excuse for landing more troops and occupying not only Shantung, but other parts of northern China? Or were they simply amazingly stupid? They certainly were one or the other.

But whichever they were, nothing happened,

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either at this time or elsewhere in China following the trouble at Tsinan. The Chinese at Tsingtao and along the railway probably were somewhat overawed by the display of Japanese force. That was not the case at Hankow, Canton, Changsha, Kiukiang and other cities where there are Japanese communities. What kept the peace?

There seems little doubt that a tidal wave of anti-Japanese violence would have swept China, had such incidents as those at Tsinan occurred three or four years ago. The shooting at Shanghai on May 30, 1925—extremely slight as it was in comparison—stirred up far more superficial disturbance than have these Tsinan troubles. Moreover, even with very little in the way of specific incidents, anti-foreign agitation with accompanying violence became quite acute along the Yangtze and further south during the year and more which followed. The Nanking incident of March 24-26, 1927, brought only a little even of agitation—though this was partly, at least, because the Chinese recognized that the blame rested chiefly on the Chinese troops and that the foreign warships had shown remarkable restraint.

Why was there so much stir over the Shanghai affair in 1925, and so little over the Tsinan trouble in 1928?

It would be easy to say that the difference proves that all the talk of an awakening Chinese nationalism is unjustified, and that after a period of hectic outbursts stirred up by Communist agents and others with special axes to grind, the Chinese have settled back into their traditional indifference to anything outside the immediate round of earning a living. And it is true that actual experience with the disastrous consequences of attempting to get too much too suddenly had thrown much cold water on the agitation—especially among the peasants and laborers, who found that hard work was just as much needed to get a living whether the landlord owned the land or they did, and that strikes for high pay killed business and so meant no pay at all in the end. But the facts cannot be dismissed thus casually. The new quietness is the result of many influences—among the most important being the development of more realistic thinking among the common people as well as the leaders, and the growth of a new grimness which is distinctly menacing.

Part of the cause for the anti-foreign agitation two or three years ago, of course, was the activities of the Soviet and Third International agents. They were expelled from the south last December, and thus ceased to be an open and active factor in Chinese affairs—though there seems good reason to think they are still secretly at work.

The expulsion of the Russians, however, came as an important, but by no means isolated incident, in the swing of Chinese feeling against radicalism and extreme measures of all sorts. This swing started some time before Soviet Russia established contact with Chinese leaders, when a number of the more prominent educational and other figures began to warn the students, who had taken the lead in public agitation in 1919 and the years which followed, against the danger of thinking that anything really constructive could be accomplished by mass meetings and flaming proclamations. As the effects of the agitation for a "workers' and peasants' revolution" began to show themselves in the complete paralysis of business along the Yangtze and in widespread destruction of life and property, the more solid elements in China turned with increasing emphasis against these ways of trying to solve China's problems, and toward insistence on orderly and responsible if less spectacular changes, not only in China's treaties, but also in her domestic conditions.

The struggle between the radicals and the moderates showed itself most conspicuously in the Kuomintang organization—and resulted in a split of that organization into two sharply marked sections. Many of the events along the Yangtze for a large part of 1927 (including the Nanking incident in March and Chiang Kai-shek's withdrawal from active affairs in August) were the outgrowth of that internal conflict.

Toward the end of the year, the moderates got the beginnings of a new organization together at Nanking, and since then, in spite of differences among themselves, they have succeeded in securing at least nominal recognition as the Nationalist spokesmen from the military commanders in the areas centering around Canton and Hankow, and from Feng Yu-hsiang (in Honan and the northwest) and Yen Hsi-shan (in Shansi province).

The growth of the influence of the moderates in the Kuomintang is particularly significant as one of the results of the growing realism in the thinking of the more responsible Chinese leaders in all walks of life. So much trouble for so many years has come from the attempts to remake China too suddenly, that the realization is taking hold on the minds of a great many that the process of reorganization necessarily will be a slow one and that the attempt to accomplish too much at one time inevitably results in disaster.

Fundamentally, the explanation of the absence of widespread anti-Japanese violence following the Tsinan incidents lies in the fact that those who are in a position to shape public thought in China have become definitely more realistic in their own thinking than they were three or four years ago—and in this connection it is well to remember that what the leaders think today the ordinary people will be thinking not long hence.

While expressions of Chinese feeling following the Tsinan incidents have not found vent in anti-Japanese violence, it would be a serious mistake to conclude that there is little feeling on the subject among the leaders and the common people in China. Instead, it is very doubtful whether any

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development in China's relations with the foreign powers for many decades (including even the events of 1900 connected with the Boxer uprising) aroused as widespread bitterness as that created by Japanese actions during the first three weeks or so of May, 1928. (These three weeks cover the period of the despatch of Japanese troops to Shantung, the clashes in Tsinan itself, the despatch of further large bodies of troops to Shantung and other parts of China, and the presentation of the Japanese memorandum of May 18, which amounted to the declaration of a protectorate over Manchuria, at least to the extent of threatening military action to prevent disturbances of any kind there—including civil war.)

This fact, that Chinese feeling is very widespread, needs to be borne in mind for an understanding of what is happening in this country—without reference to the quite different matter of whether and how far the feeling is justified.

Judging from past experience, one would expect to find many of the students and some of the men in their middle years in China, especially those with a fair amount of education, expressing themselves indignantly on the subject. This they are doing.

But something new also is happening. Coolies in the streets, ricksha boys, watercart men, petty shopkeepers, food-stand keepers and others of the common people who ordinarily go about their affairs with only the smallest concern for anything but the immediate job of earning a living, are discussing the Tsinan situation, and Japan's recent activities, to the accompaniment of harsh criticism of Japan. Quite a number here in Peking, who have had long experience and contact with what usually are called the "ignorant masses" have commented on the extraordinary degree to which the common people are concerning themselves with this case.

These common people have discussed events before, but generally—as, for example, at the time of Feng Yu-hsiang's *coup d'état* in October, 1924—their talk has centered to a marked degree on the question of how the development of the moment will affect their earning of a living. Now that aspect of the question is noticeably absent. Not the consequences for the daily job, but the aggression on China as a nation is being discussed, and with marked heat.

This is highly significant as indicating one of the important changes which has come in China of late. Until comparatively recently the Chinese people went about their affairs entirely ignorant of and indifferent to what was happening outside their own immediate and narrow circles. Probably a majority of the people still are indifferent, especially in the more remote country districts. But the development of the telegraph and the newspapers, and the enormous amount of propaganda work of various kinds which has been carried on throughout the country, have done much to stimulate general interest in national affairs and to give reality to the abstract conception of the nation as such. The people in the cities, to a far greater extent than ever before—and to an extent which some of the "authorities" on China who do not speak or read the language and who have contact with only a few western-trained Chinese are inclined to deny—watch what is happening and have their opinions, whether right or wrong. And, especially in the Yangtze provinces and southward, even the country people are by no means so uninterested as they were not long since.

This marked awakening of what can only be described as a real national self-consciousness, inchoate and ill-defined as it unquestionably is as yet, is of profound significance for the future, especially in view of the tendency of that self-consciousness to find itself springing from the bitterness toward the foreign nations.

While this turn of feeling is good ground for apprehension, another development is encouraging. This is the growing recognition of the fact that the most important Chinese problem, domestic or foreign, is to get China straightened out; to get something like an orderly government which can speak for the country as a whole. There is much less talk than there used to be to the effect that all of China's ills are due to the foreigners, and much more readiness to face the fact that the cause of China's internationally weak position is the disorganization in China. Many still put all the blame on the foreigners—but not nearly so many as a few years ago.

General Ho Yin-ching, chief of staff of the Nationalist armies, summed up the new attitude accurately in his speech at a mass meeting in Nanking on May 7. As reported by the official Kuo Min news agency, he said:

> We must as a nation preserve calmness and check this temporary outburst of indignation. Secondly, to resist oppression we must strengthen ourselves. In a decade or two we shall be able to meet any enemy on the field and wipe out, once for all, the humiliation and insults which have been heaped upon us.

It is in that spirit that the authorities in both the North and the South have stringently prohibited every sort of anti-Japanese violence. That prohibition was sincerely meant. The authorities were able to enforce it, however, in spite of attempts here and there by agitators to make trouble, primarily because in this effort they had the support not only of the solid middle class, but also of a large proportion of the common people who were at all interested. Had popular feeling been the other way, orders from the authorities simply would have been ignored—if the authorities had dared issue anti-violence orders in the face of public opinion.

The fact that quiet has thus been maintained is the result of a real turn of Chinese feeling and

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not simply of the desires of a few leaders who saw in possible disturbances a menace to their own positions. This latter consideration no doubt played a part, but it falls far short of being the whole explanation.

Chinese feeling toward the whole body of foreign privileges in China, to sum the situation up, is changing from superficial irritation to increasingly deep-rooted bitterness. On the surface, things are calmer than they were. Under the surface is this new and ominous grimness. Anyone who fails to appreciate this new feeling is living in a fool's paradise.

The answer is not for the foreign powers immediately to surrender all their special rights in China. It is for them to continue along the path which the United States and Great Britain have marked out—the path of sincere readiness to deal with problems in China as they arise, in terms of the essential and mutual equities of the situation. It is for individual foreigners to show by their actions that they are ready to meet the Chinese on a basis of mutually self-respecting and dignified equality.

GROVER CLARK.

Peking.

Meiklejohn at Madison

THE criticism directed against the American college as a place of education in the last few years has centered upon the small part which intellectual interests hold in the student's life, the multitude and importance of other activities, social and athletic, which compete for his attention. Where the conventional curriculum has been maintained, it has ceased to command the interest and respect of the mass of students, because its application to present situations and exigencies has become, to their minds, remote. Where the old curriculum has given way in part or in whole to free election, the tendency to make the single course the unit and to impose as the only discipline the accumulation of a sufficient number of such units in whatever subject, Latin, music, general literature or domestic science, has reduced the educational process to a chaotic sort of book-keeping. More and more our colleges have become places of entertainment and relaxation for young people of both sexes who condescend to pay a certain tribute to learning in the depreciated currency of the prescribed, or the small change of the elective system.

To meet the situation several plans have been devised within the last ten years. The most obvious is to require the student to concentrate a large fraction of his college work in a single department, so that in at least one direction he must pass beyond introductory courses and gain some acquaintance with methods of advanced work. This plan has been further developed by the substitution of related fields for single departments, and strengthened by the imposition of comprehensive final examinations as a means of holding the student to continuous effort and to responsibility for a unified result. The similarity of this method to that in vogue in English universities needs no comment, but it is significant that it has come into use rapidly in the United States with the rise to positions of academic importance of Americans who have received part of their training in England. One effect of the Rhodes scholarships has been the turning of American colleges, which were tending more and more to the continental type, to the English model.

Another device, not excluded by the former, is the orientation course, which aims to familiarize the student in his first year of college with the several great divisions of subject-matter—natural science, social science, art and literature—and enable him to find his real interests and choose wisely his subjects for later concentration. A third plan, one more fundamental than either, is that introduced at the University of Wisconsin through the medium of its experimental college.

Shortly after taking office two years ago, President Frank appointed a commission to study the educational policy of the entire institution. The commission began with the first two years of the College of Letters and Science, and in accordance with its recommendation the faculty authorized a group of teachers, in coöperation with a group of students, "to formulate and to test, under experimental conditions, suggestions for the improvement of methods of teaching, the content of study, and the determining conditions of undergraduate liberal education." On the one hand, the teachers are to have a free hand; on the other, the students who satisfy the standards of these teachers are to receive credit for the first two years of college work in one of the two general courses. At the head of this experimental station is Professor Alexander Meiklejohn; his associates are a dozen instructors chosen from various departments. The students are somewhat over a hundred freshmen, drawn from various parts of the country and representing different types of previous training and culture. A brief acquaintance with teachers and students is sufficient to give the observer a high respect for the sincerity and seriousness of the enterprise and confidence that whatever the formal results may be, these cannot fail to constitute a valuable contribution to education. I think the regents and faculty of the University of Wisconsin need have no doubts on that score.

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I asked one of the students in what order of value he would put the several elements of the experiment. He answered: first, the outline of work, the general scheme of subject-matter; second, association with the teachers; third, the method of study, with its emphasis on self-determination; and fourth, general association with fellow students. I thought, in later conversation, that he showed most enthusiasm for the fourth, and this was surely a healthy sign. I shall try to discuss these topics separately, although they are so closely united in the working of the project that it is difficult to isolate them.

With the idealist's passion for unity and the classicist's demand for totality, Professor Meiklejohn has insisted that a college should be "a community of learning." It must be an intellectually homogeneous group of teachers and students engaged in a common enterprise, in present and visible sign whereof they will be occupied with the same subject-matter. "A group of persons engaged in the study of different subjects," he says, "is not a community; it is simply a collection of individuals with no intellectual significance for each other." And as he is clear that "what we wish our students to attempt is an understanding, not of the parts of the social and individual living of their time, but of that living as a whole," he proposes, instead of a study of fields of knowledge—science, history or art—to adopt as the curriculum, a civilization or a cultural movement as a whole. Accordingly, the present entering class has been engaged on the study of classic Greece, that unique episode in the history of the world which possesses to a notable degree unity and clarity of culture, and in which human thought anticipates so much of later development. The students studied Greek civilization first in its economics; then in its government and political science; then in art, literature, law, religion, science and philosophy. The readings week by week cover a considerable portion of Greek literature extant, including Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle and the dramatists. These are read in translation, but a number of students are studying the Greek language. In addition, modern authorities appear in the list, such as Rostovtzeff, Zimmern, Murray and Glotz. Other remains of Greek culture, such as buildings, sculpture and vases, are included in the required subject-matter. Next year the freshman class will repeat this undertaking, and the present group will pass on to a similar study of the civilization which has developed in the United States under the influence and application of the scientific discoveries made in the nineteenth century, or, more concretely perhaps, the industrial revolution.

The method of instruction is in part by lectures, at which the whole college is present. One which I attended, conducted by Professor Otto, was what I should call a Socratic lecture, or dialogue between the speaker and his audience. The most distinctive form of instruction, however, is a cross between tutorial and class-room methods. The whole body of students is divided into groups of twelve, each with an instructor attached. The groups meet weekly for discussion of the material upon which all are engaged at the time. Every six weeks a rotation of the staff occurs, so that in the course of the year each member comes into intimate contact with many of the students. The instructor holds a special colloquium with each student in his group at least once a week; beyond this he is available for consultation and conference with students as they desire, not only at limited office hours, but apparently at all times, day or evening. Only in this way can the staff be clearly and closely identified with this community of learning.

The instructors concerned in this experiment are a corps selected, in President Frank's words, "to bring the utmost competence of teaching to the work of the Freshman and Sophomore years." One criticism which is already heard is that most of them are not specialists in Greek studies, but in modern language and literature, political economy, law and natural science. Obviously, this must be so, since Greek civilization is studied, not as an end in itself, but as an introduction to modern life. Another objection is that the unified procedure of the college can be carried on only by colleagues with exceptional ability to coöperate among themselves and under leadership capable of inspiring a high degree of confidence and enthusiasm. Such a personnel is not easy to find, especially if teaching is to occupy so large a portion of time and energy that ambitious young men find opportunities for research seriously curtailed. This seems to me to raise a very real question as to the future of the experiment and its wider application. Here the university background of the college is important. Instructors maintain their connection with their respective departments with the ordinary scholarly responsibility and stimulus which such connection involves. If they suffer from divided loyalty they have the satisfaction of participating in a significant form of research and making a contribution of special importance to education. It is impossible, I think, to say from the first year of trial what the normal load of teaching in such a college will be. The results of the experiment will undoubtedly make the process easier in future for them or their successors.

If the teachers in an experimental college must be an aristocracy, it is clearly to its purpose that the students represent democracy. Professor Meiklejohn says in his preliminary statement: "We wish to experiment not upon some specially gifted group of students, but upon the general run of the boys who come to an American college." Necessarily this intention is frustrated to some extent by a process of natural selection, since boys of a somewhat unusual degree of initiative and independence will be attracted to an experiment which offers chiefly

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intellectual satisfaction in place of the usual allurements of college life. The students of the experimental college live together in a quadrangle assigned to them. They seemed to me to represent a very wide degree of variation in type, racially and socially; they came from eighteen different states. They are more mature than the average college student—a good number have had some experience of practical life, of manual labor. They do not present the dapper appearance of the typical collegian. Living by themselves, in monkish segregation, apart from the co-educational community, they allow themselves a certain informality of dress and manner. Few of them are members of fraternities. They take little part in the social activities of the freshman class; but I was informed that a number had won distinction on the class athletic teams. They have, I understand, no activities among themselves; but while I was their guest, they put on an excellent performance of the "Electra" of Euripides, in which setting, costumes and properties were the work of their own shops.

My chief informant in regard to student life was a graduate of an eastern high school who had prepared to enter Yale. His point of view was therefore by no means local. He said frankly that he had come because of Meiklejohn's reputation as a teacher; and added that perhaps twenty of his comrades were there for the same reason. He thought that most of the students were of average mental capacity, but that the few whom he rated higher set the pace more or less for the whole body. Association and discussion among students he considered a most valuable part of the year's experience. A good many, he told me, had elected work in various departments of the university: he himself was taking Greek on the side. He had intended to study law, but had changed his mind and was going in for philosophy. There was not much talk about future professions, he said, most of the students being absorbed in the vivid intellectual experience of the present. That quite obviously is the case. If the students are not there for things of the mind, what are they there for?

Dr. Meiklejohn has defined the primary aims of the experimental college as the answer to the question: "Can our young people as a whole be liberally educated? Are some of them incapable of dealing with ideas? Must we accept the aristocratic division of people into two classes, one of which can be trained to understand while the other is doomed by its own incapacity to remain forever outside the field of intelligence?" The whole democratic theory of government is based upon a democratic affirmation—"the view that all normal persons are capable of understanding," and, it may be added, are willing to understand. It is not too much to predict that the present experiment will give positive results in the psychological field of inquiry. What it will yield in the social field, in the possibility of large application to the practice of collegiate education, will depend, first of all, on the testing of the experimental students in their later careers, educational and professional. It will depend on the available supply of leaders and teachers. It will depend on the faith of those who control the material resources of education. In all these respects I should say that the state and the University of Wisconsin offer an unusually favorable environment.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Summer School

SUMMER school at the University of —— will open tomorrow. Tramp, tramp, tramp! All day long fresh hordes of America's earnest seekers are marching up the stone steps of the big gymnasium, where the enrollment takes place. There is no other building on the campus large enough to accommodate the vast summer influx.

Serious, purposeful, determined seekers of wisdom, these Summer School students. Some in rags, some in golf knickers, and some in georgette gowns; both sexes, all sizes, ages, races, and I. Q.'s. But they know precisely what they are here for, and they are going to get it!

An elderly lady sinks breathlessly into a vacant chair beside a professorial adviser. She spreads helpless, ring-laden fingers in a stiff fan—two stiff fans—upon the table before him.

"What shall I take, Professor? What course would you advise?"

"What are you interested in?" asks the Professor intelligently.

"I'm interested in the new styles in Psychology." She clasps her brown-spotted, jewelled fingers ecstatically together, and beams upon the Professor. "You see, my youngest daughter was married this spring. Always before, I've been too busy for playing about like this. But I'm free now, and I do want to know something about the new styles in Psychology. Nowadays one simply has to keep up, or one gets absolutely lost in the simplest little dinner conversation. You see, what I'm specially interested in is the names of the different complexes. One feels so stupid—"

"One must!" agrees the Professor warmly, and turns to consult the charming young lady in flowered chiffon ensconced in the chair at his left. Her legs are crossed, and the tip of one snakeskin pump presses gently against the Professor's knee. He clears his throat, and surreptitiously shifts his position.

The young lady—she has come, she says, all the way from Evansville—completes her performance with lipstick and rouge, and throws her vanity down on the Professor's straw hat. "I'm having a perfectly hectic time!" she confides, "trying to tuck in enough Majors this summer to get my degree in the fall. I just knew you could fix things up for

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me!" And she favors the glowering scholar with her most engaging and effective smile.

"You see," she explains, pointing to her schedule of credentials, "I need three Majors to graduate. But it's so hot in summer! . . . I've signed up for two, and I was wondering—I'm taking golf lessons with a pro, and I was wondering if that wouldn't count as one Major? Golf is part of a girl's education, really, an awfully important part these days, don't you think?"

"I'm afraid"—the Professor removes his gaze from the young lady's face to her credentials—"I'm afraid you will have to confine yourself to the courses announced in the catalogue," he politely informs her. "Golf is not yet an accredited course."

Next comes a terribly earnest young man. Gray summer suit, red necktie, blond bandolined forelock and perfectly manicured nails.

"Professor," he strikes to the heart of the problem at once, "Professor, I know what I want, and I'm here to get it—that is, if you've got it to give."

The Professor draws himself up sharply, gazes at the young man over the rim of his spectacles with quickened interest. This is the sort of energetic young chap one likes to meet! The sort one welcomes into one's classes. "Well—what is it you want, young man?"

"I want an education. But, here's the point, Professor. None of this musty, highbrow, impractical dreamer's nonsense for me! I want 100 percent results. Get me? Now, just what does this Psychology game amount to? Can you give me a line on the field? It appeals to me, understand? But I want to get some dope on it before I sign up. What's the average income of the average psychologist?"

"I'm afraid," the Professor's lips twitched, "I'm afraid, my boy, that it wouldn't satisfy you. And, besides, it's a very discouraging business. . . . I'd advise you to get some other kind of an education."

And he turns to the bedraggled creature in navy mohair slumped in the chair on his right .

"Could you help me select three Majors?" Out of the watery depths of bleary blue eyes she smiles hopefully. "I'm teaching English, in Iowa. The Board passed a new ruling last year, that if we don't take so many hours of graduate work, we shall lose our certificates. . . . I'll take anything you think would do. Something not too difficult. I'm not up to pitch this summer. You know how it is—six classes a day all year. But I've got to make my vacation count! I'd prefer straight lecture courses, if you don't mind. Anything but chemistry, or mathematics. I can't stand the smell of the laboratory. And I never could handle figures. Can't even make my checkbook balance."

"Few teachers can," replies the Professor gravely, and reaches for the well thumbed bulletin of summer courses.

E. R. B.

Wage-Pressure and Efficiency

DOES the secret of high wages lie in the wage itself, in the pressure for its increase? Or does the secret lie in the *milieu* which is being exploited in the processes of production? This may sound, at first, like asking whether an orange produces juice or the hand which squeezes it; and the question is, in fact, something of this sort. There are those who feel, apparently, that simply by a continuous tightening of the hand an infinite amount of juice may result.

This analogy, like most, is not too illuminating, of course; for the national income, of which the wage of labor is a share, is scarcely so concrete an entity as a ripened fruit. The wage bargain, moreover, is carried out in advance of the fruit's maturity, and labor is one element of husbandry which may make it large or small. The assurance of a large share may incite a more assiduous cultivation. But the process is complex; we assume too readily that simple recalcitrance will at once enlarge the fruit and increase the wage of the cultivator.

I

A few weeks ago, in the columns of the New Republic, Mr. S. H. Slichter summarized the current situation by saying that since 1914 real hourly earnings had risen some 35 percent. This increase implies so startling a change in our economy that all the rest of the world has turned its eyes toward us, to discover, if possible, the secret of so desirable a revolution. We ourselves are astonished and puzzled. We can return no satisfactory answer to the question: Why? Is it because we use more mechanical power, employ more capital, concentrate production in larger units? Perhaps. Is it because of our pervasive standardization, because of more efficient management, or labor, or paperwork? We think each of these must play a part. But what brings them into operation? Here we come upon characteristic American logic, paradoxical to the European. For we say, "high wages breed high wages," much as they used to say, "money breeds money." But this contracted statement needs elaboration in several directions. How does wage pressure expand the fund from which wages come? Are there other similar pressures? Do the answers to these questions, along with the other suggested causes, bring us within sight of such a formula as the Europeans desire?

Mr. Slichter would say "that the American people owe the unions a vote of thanks" for "forcing managements to make industry more productive." How does this work? The threats of workers force up wages, thus increasing the costs of production; managerial ingenuity is, however, stimulated, and succeeds in more than offsetting this element of cost by lowering others. There is a total reduction (part of which comes from using fewer workers and using them to better purpose) which results in higher profits. Both parties to the wages bargain win when one of them loses. We will neglect the point that some workers have lost their jobs, at least temporarily, and pass on to the more favorable one that, with reduced costs, prices may also come down. Apparently the public also gains.

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Everyone involved, in fact, except the displaced worker, is better off when wage rates are raised. The increase somehow created a fund out of which all may receive increased shares.

Has it been wage-pressure which has done this? Has not another pressure been overlooked? Admittedly, during much of the period in question, money wages have not gone up; they simply have not come down so fast as prices. This is different from saying that wages *rose* faster than prices, a phenomenon which seldom occurs. In time of rising prices, wages usually lag; in time of falling ones, they continue to lag. In this latter period workers make a gain in real wages. But is a gain, of this sort, identically like a wage which goes up faster than prices? The one, it seems to me, would represent a real labor offensive; the other is merely a more or less active rear-guard action, not dependent on good labor generalship or morale, but on stubborn intrenchment in custom. On the railways, in the building trades, there have been some offensives. For the most part, however, gains have been made by holding on.

May it not, indeed, be that costs came down because pressure was applied not only by labor, but also by falling prices? It is difficult to believe that the wages bargain is driven sufficiently hard by American labor to account for our superiority over Europe. The Europeans who are searching among us for the secret we must possess would, I think, be both startled and amused by the suggestion that pressure either from workers or from consumers can account for our lead in efficiency or for our relatively high real wages. They have experienced both these at home more intensely than we ourselves; yet it is we, not they, who have made the gains.

The pressure theory is, nevertheless, widely held. Here is a clear but not unusual statement of it, by Mr. H. H. Williams of the R. T. French Company, manufacturers, of Philadelphia (Bulletin of the Taylor Society, February, 1928, p. 9): "Some time ago the idea occurred to me, 'What would happen if our wage-rates should again be doubled?' I have reviewed all the manufacturing operations in our plant and studied carefully all the possibilities for improvement and I am quite certain that after a few years our costs would again be lowered. I see quite clearly the steps which we could take."

If this situation is general, there is cause for wonder: (1) why the attractiveness of higher profits has not led to such obvious improvements, and (2) why neither of the pressures of high wages or of low prices has been applied? It is apparent that the alertness of business men in seeking for profits has been grossly exaggerated; and that there has not, in the immediate past, been any great workers' or consumers' activity. It is true that they may have been in operation, only in so weak a fashion that they failed to exploit the situation fully. But surely a working force which waits for employers to point out the possibility of wage increases cannot be very alert. Nor can consumers have been very stubborn. And the management must be more interested in golf or in art than in profits. It can scarcely be argued that impulses so weak as these are sufficient to account for the phenomena of increase in which we are interested. Still it may be that a 37 percent increase in productivity—our gain between 1919 and 1925—was only a fraction of what we might have achieved. After all, wage-pressure or any other is *only* pressure. A dry orange would still yield no juice.

II

There is something to be said about the mental attitudes involved in the coming of efficiency, though here, again, there is a good deal of debatable ground. One might doubt whether compulsion ever creates a constructive mood. But, of course, for industry to advance in efficiency, what is necessary is merely for those in financial control to authorize expenditure. The device, process or plan to be used already exists. The thinking has been completed. Perhaps our pervasive tinkering propensity has been at work; or, if the problem was more involved, perhaps its solution was found in one of the great inventing plants, such as so many industries now maintain. Compulsion may, however, have been needed to carry the new thing over into actual operation. Perhaps Mr. Williams is correct in his assumption that managers will do little or nothing toward improvement unless they are pressed. In more competitive times, before associations had been invented which emasculate competition, a steady force was exerted by the threats of competitors. There is little of this any more. What price pressure there is, comes from a need to expand the market and so to circumvent overhead costs. More and more ingenuity, and greater and greater flexibility of process, are needed. The ingenuity is institutionalized, partly because there is a steady need for improvements and partly because the problems to be solved are so erudite. But invention is no longer haphazard. It goes on in any case. If this is true, we can more easily see the real uses of compulsion. It may, perhaps, cause greater endowment of research and so affect progress in this way; but most immediately and most really the effect of pressure depends upon the margin of unused improvements which exists at any one time —devices, processes, plans already made which have not got into use. If we knew how great this is, we could measure the expansibility of the income fund out of which wages come. Lacking this, the most we can say is that pressure from workers may raise efficiency and so wages, but that the limits to this are set by the indefinite resourcefulness of managers and of workers themselves.

III

I wonder whether our present depression and its consequent unemployment could not have been averted if workers and consumers had been more active in defending each their own interests. They have, evidently, not only failed to force anything like the efficiency of which we are capable, but they have not even taken up the slack which has been created by the advances we have made. Wages have not risen nor prices fallen, it might be suggested, sufficiently to create a market for our goods. In this we may be somewhat in the position of Europeans. The fact that our depression is slight and temporary may mark the difference between us in policy. Theirs is severe and long-

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continued. But they are more reluctant than we to fit prices and wages to the requirements of rationalization. Markets have to be created at any sacrifice of profits; otherwise overhead costs will drown the enterprise in a steadily rising flood.

The question we must ask, if we are interested in an explanation of our relatively high wages, is why they are higher, for instance, than in Great Britain. They are, as a matter of fact, about twice as high. And the explanation must be found in some characteristic of our system which is peculiar to us and which does not occur there. If we are willing to admit them, a number of factors usually overlooked in our customary preoccupation with figures can be found. They are not traceable statistically, nor are they so easily classified; they are, nevertheless, real. I have in mind such things as the culmination of our long investment in public-school education, our superior sanitation and recreation, our newer and finer places of work, our more efficient facilitative mechanisms—such as telephones, railways, motor-transport—our highly developed paperwork for planning and cost-keeping, the readier spread of technical knowledge, alertness and willingness among our workers, the general fact that higher living standards make it possible to work effectively—such things as these. And perhaps instalment selling, by making it more possible to turn earnings immediately into comfort-level goods, has given work a new incentive.

It might very well be argued that all these are the result of wages and living levels which were originally high. Partly this is true; and this is the element of truth in the pressure theory. But it does not follow that direct pressure by workers was the exclusive creative factor building up the fund out of which the wages came. The force behind it has been less than in European countries; but our conditions respecting resources, education, health, technical proficiency, labor-supply, low-priced land—and numerous others—were such that less advantage in bargaining could achieve greater results. The income was there to be had.

The inclusion of such elements as these makes it difficult to compress our situation into a formula; but it completes the explanation and makes it logically intelligible. These others might be said to be supplementary to the causes, mentioned by Mr. Slichter, which center about ingenious management, improved methods and more efficient labor. The total *milieu* of American life has a tone, a color, which may be difficult to convey, but which is nevertheless significant. The cumulation and bringing to bear, in the industrial field, of all the varied elements which compose it, seem to be an approximation to the really efficient cause for which European observers are searching. They will not get much comfort from it, and they may not be able to apply its lessons at home; for in their people and their culture the elements, or their peculiar combination, may quite possibly be lacking for its establishment. Pressure can create efficiency and high wages, but not in any *milieu* and under any conditions.

Such an explanation does not lead to advocacy of an emasculated trade-unionism. No one can be genuinely alive to the American scene without sensing the weakness of our labor movement, the spottiness of our high wages, our considerable areas of near-poverty, our problem of the unemployed. Rejecting the theory that an embattled labor movement always leads directly to greater productivity does not involve denying the salutary effects which, indirectly, come from high wages. These seem to me undeniable, both from the point of view of social relief and from the point of view of industrial efficiency. Wage-incomes are, for example, apt to be spent both for more socially necessary goods and for ones which involve better methods of production. It is just the kind of goods workers buy which are made by the most efficient processes. Higher wages would stimulate production of this sort, just as a forcing down of prices would, by stimulating demand, have the same effect. There is also the fact that high wages and high standards create productive morale, energy, a sense of accomplishment.

The theory of wages current in a certain American school of economics seems sufficiently practical. It thinks of wages as one of several, perhaps many, possible shares of a general income which, in the United States, is high. No share is dependent directly upon a contribution to the productive process, but is rather determined by the bargaining power of the group whose income is under consideration. No share can be greater than the whole, but no bargaining success can affect the whole, unless we look forward to a greater total in the future because some strategic factor (such as labor) was favored in the present. Success in bargaining is determined by relative advantages, partly, at least, fortuitous; but what can be got by workers as wages is limited—indefinitely but, nevertheless, really, just as wages limit other shares—by the returns necessary for replacement of capital, for the payment of interest, and the meeting of dividend requirements. Within such cushioned barriers, labor must find its returns. And, as a general rule, I should say that the nearer it comes to exploiting the full elasticity of the expansible margin, the better off we are socially, the more smoothly the industrial machine will run, and the faster we will advance in the development of technique and efficiency.

R. G. TUGWELL.

Washington Notes

NOW that the tumult of the conventions is over and the acceptance speeches of the candidates heave on the horizon, I want to point out what I conceive to be the real danger to the Hoover candidacy in the coming campaign. I want to point it out now, because later on, in September and October, it will be very soothing to the soul to refer to the fact that I did so. (I am by no means above doing that sort of thing.) Herbert's real danger lies in letting his opponent, the trenchant and salty Al, make him ridiculous. Essentially a serious fellow, Mr. Hoover is the most inexperienced and inept political campaigner who ever ran for the presidency. There can be no doubt about that. It is true that, during the course of his pre-convention fight, he learned considerable politics and succeeded in constructing an exceedingly effective political machine. But that is a very different matter from the personal campaigning which he will have to do in the next four months for the first time in his life. He might

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know politics inside and out and still be a rotten campaigner. The very well founded belief is that Herbert is just that kind. He has not, to be sure, had any real test as yet, and he should be given the benefit of the doubt, but all the evidence is against him.

The venomous fellows who opposed him for the nomination and at Kansas City formed themselves into what was called the "allies," used Herbert as a target for quite a long time before his nomination, and fired at him a lot of high explosives. But they were, individually and collectively, so devoid of intelligence that they never did him any real harm. In most instances, their assaults were so extravagant and so completely without basis, that they reacted favorably, rather than unfavorably, on Herbert, who was under no compulsion at all to answer. The intelligent use of ridicule, which is conceded to be the most effective of all political weapons, was utterly beyond them. Now, however, Herbert is dealing with an entirely different sort of politician, and must play an entirely different sort of game. Al Smith is easily the most skillful rough-and-tumble campaigner in the country. He is, also, one of the most seasoned and experienced. In addition, he possesses great natural campaigning gifts, an uncanny sense of political timeliness and a profound appreciation of the extraordinary value of turning the laugh on the other fellow. Nothing in politics is quite so fatal as to be laughed at, nothing so helpful as to be laughed with. At any stage of the game in the past five years, the whole myth of Coolidge greatness, the whole absurd pretence that there was anything real or robust about this thin, little White House occupant, could have been completely and hilariously dispelled if there had been someone on the other side to show clearly and convincingly just how ridiculous he really is. But it could not be done. In the 1924 campaign, that fair-haired favorite of the Supreme Court, John William Davis, had far too deep a respect for the office of the presidency to take a real wallop at the occupant. It would, he thought, have been undignified, and John William would rather die than be undignified. Nor has there been anyone in the Senate on the Democratic side capable of turning a laugh on the good Calvin. The ponderous Robinson, with his battle-axe methods, was, of course, unequal to such an assignment, and the occasional attempts of shallow fellows of the Pat Harrison type were completely and naturally futile. The remarkable propaganda coating enveloping the little man was much too thick to be penetrated by the editorial shafts of the New York World and the extremely few other papers which are not singing members of the Mellon-Coolidge journalistic choir, the size and volume of which have broken all records.

But this time it may be different—and I think very probably will be. In the first place, when you look back over the Smith campaigns in New York State, it will be realized that his great campaign asset, the most effective thing he has, is the ability to make people laugh with him and at the other fellow. He did that with Nathan Miller. He did it with young Roosevelt, and he did it with the militant Mr. Mills and his milk issue. It may be set down as certain that he will try to do it with Herbert. For this sort of thing, it seems to me Herbert is the most shining mark he has ever had. Herbert, as I have said, is at heart a serious person. There is not a single funny story concerning him—that is, a funny story in which the laugh was not on Herbert. That in itself is significant. In addition, he is not quick on his mental feet. He is no spontaneous speaker. He is a man of great ability, force and logic, with a magnificent, coördinating, engineering mind. He has a splendid mental equipment. He has a fine character—but he is not light, believe me, he is not light. On the other hand, Al is a quick fellow, alert, smart, ready of wit, who knows when to wisecrack and when to abstain. In addition, Herbert, unfortunately for himself, is a sensitive soul. He gets hurt. He cannot understand why people in politics say such-and-such things about him, when they are not true. No matter how much he learns about politics, he never will understand that, which means that, at bottom, he never will understand very much about politics.

I think Herbert is going to suffer in this campaign. The odds are that he will be elected. He is the candidate of the majority party. He is without the serious handicaps the salty Al will labor under. He is a Protestant, and he is dry. He also has the support of four-fifths of the daily, weekly and monthly press of the country. Any Republican would have. On form, he should, of course, win, and he will, unless he gets laughed out of the election—and stranger things have happened. To anyone who knows them both, it is plain that Herbert will be the defensive candidate and Al the offensive. Herbert, of course, lacks the incalculable advantage that was the good Calvin's last time, of having around him the protective glamor of the presidency. He will not be immune from personal assault, and he is certainly going to be personally assailed. After all, it is the small things that count in politics, not the big ones. The idea that the people are interested in issues and records and views is, of course, a joke. What sways them are personalities and prejudices. Al has the worst of the prejudices, but the better of the personalities in this campaign. It is pretty hard to see how he could make his personality count so effectively as to counteract the deeply rooted prejudices that weigh him down—but he might. Anyhow, the way he will try to do it is to make Herbert ridiculous. I do not mean by this that he will play the clown in his campaign. Always he will be dignified. None the less, at certain timely moments, Al will say certain highly flavored things about Herbert that will go all over the country and will be repeated and retailed by every traveling salesman in the land, just as were, for instance, the things he said about young Teddy in the 1924 fight.

The great question, of course, is how Herbert and his managers will handle that kind of thing. Will they do it better than young Teddy did, or Mills, or Miller? Not one of those fellows met the Smith attack adequately. All three had ability and fluency and character. But all three muffed the ball. They let the rough-and-ready Al put the fast ones over on them. Perhaps Herbert can crack back, but his record is all against that idea. Perhaps he will treat the inevitable witticisms at his expense with silent contempt, and perhaps that is the best and the only way

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for him to treat them. But there is some danger for him in not being able to meet the Smith line. If Herbert wins, it will not be without anguish.

He has not, I feel, shown his usual far-sightedness in the selection of his campaign manager. As Chairman of the National Committee, Dr. J. Hubert Work will be well intentioned, but that is absolutely the very best thing that can be said about him. He will not know in the least what is going on, nor what it is all about. Nor will anything he says attract attention or carry weight. It is all right to be grateful, but in this selection Herbert did not mingle gratitude with judgment. Dr. Work as a political manager is what in insurance circles is known as a net loss.

Washington. T. R. B.

The Background of Bigotry

IT occurs to me that in the struggle between bigotry and liberalism which has marked the last ten years, the bigots have had an enormous advantage in the frivolity and ignorance of their enemies. We have looked upon the Klan, prohibition, censorship, fundamentalism as revivals of dead formulas or institutions or as sudden gusts of passion; almost all liberal critics have applied to bigots the method of psychoanalysis, an unsanctified science, and few have made any effort to establish the historical continuity of the illiberal movement. It has usually been sufficient to say that "all this is a revival of the Puritan spirit."

The heresy-hunt as a function of Puritanism was abandoned in Colonial times; in the year 1801, the breakdown of the Puritan system was marked by the first camp-meeting revivals which the true Puritan abhorred and to which, in the 1830's and '40's, he succumbed; and it was this breakdown—and not Puritanism itself—which provided the background for bigotry in America. The framework of religious life was shattered by evangelism and for half a century religion fell into cults; they were liberal and reactionary, both, and each had its fanatics. Fanaticism fed on numbers, and the business of saving souls was established; children, half-wits, neurasthenics counted as heavily as intelligent men and women savingly brought to Christ after travail of spirit. It became a Christian duty to convert others, and from that the steps to uplifting others and to interfering with others was easily taken. The connection between evangelism and the temperance movement is close; and when temperance moved into prohibition, liberals aparently failed to see the outcome, and cults of freedom (economic, social, and sexual) were carried away by the same fervor to reform, to redeem, and to interfere. New Thought, with its constant battle against evil and its fetish of eternal progress to the good, was in the same emotional area as social uplift and prohibition.

The point of intensity in cult-religions was reached in the 1840's, after the greatest of the revivalists, Charles Grandison Finney, had sown excitement and hysteria through the eastern states. It was the time of the Millerites running up mountain-sides to be that much closer to the approaching Redeemer, and of Mormons trekking into the wilderness in obedience to the commands of God. The culmination came in the religion of Perfectionism which has just been made the basis of an extraordinarily interesting novel ("Shaken by the Wind," by Ray Strachey; published by Macmillan). There were several types of Perfectionism; at Oberlin one form was embraced by Finney, and at Oneida Community another flourished under the leadership of John Humphrey Noyes, the most intelligent of all American cult leaders. Finney sought sanctification in daily life; Noyes found it. From the beginning he preached that those who really accepted Christ were thereafter free from sin.

This was the single doctrine of the time which might have destroyed bigotry in America. It meant, literally and specifically, that the true believer could do no wrong; it was Christian anarchism. Naturally, it was a religion peculiarly acceptable to frauds and libertines, and the thing to be noted is that this religion of limitless liberty produced fanatics of the most violent sort. Noyes, himself a product of the revival system, was not a great evangelizer; others were. They used the methods of the camp-meeting, they denounced all other religions, they sought converts. Eventually the whole battery of established religion was turned against them; they were called atheists, libertines, and, worst of all, abolitionists. Most of them were destroyed; only Noyes, infinitely intelligent and audacious, carried his experiment through to success at Oneida and built an admirable structure of a new religion, a Christian communism, and a strange system of sexual relations.

In Mrs. Strachey's book we see the tremendous power of this liberating religion on the cold Christianity of the time. The story itself seems to me the weakest part of the book: a preacher of Perfectionism wanders into a village, drives the less-balanced portion of the community almost mad with his revelations, seduces a young girl with promises that she shall be the mother of the reincarnated Christ—and the child is born dead. In every respect the story follows tradition—and the tradition is based on facts. It was part of Perfectionist practice (frowned on by Noyes) for young girls to visit preachers at night in order to prove the steadfastness of the flesh; and when proof failed there were moments of extraordinary hallucination. The new Messiah was promised to scores of women by a New Hampshire scoundrel, to several by the New Yorker Matthias. The coincidence of religious and sexual excitements, of new dispensations in both senses, is to be noted all through this period, and Mrs. Strachey is quite extraordinary in her use of this delicate psychological phenomenon.

The significant thing, however, is the picture of spiritual distraction which the whole book gives. For the people, shaken by winds of doctrine, there is nothing serious in mortality; there are no standards, no obligations, no duties. The fanaticism for freedom which came to political fruition in the abolition of the slaves, made tyrants and madmen, seducers, charlatans, and even murderers of those who lacked balance and could not translate their emotions into humanly acceptable terms. The 1840's were not a par-

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ticularly interesting period in American history, but they were decisive because in that decade the spirit was harrowed, the ground turned over, and a system of emotions grew up which carried through the Civil War and into the 1880's. Especially there was the crusading spirit spirit which transformed the liquor question from a personal one to a political one, and which, incidentally, supplied the deep feeling under the suffrage movement. Without exception, the great emotions of the middle of the last century rose out of the religious excitements of the time. The Puritan check was withdrawn; the country ran wild; and the evangelical religions, summoning all their forces, rose to undisputed power as they crushed cult after cult.

In that triumph evangelism sacrificed nearly everything noble in the Calvinism of the Puritan; the substitution of emotion for intellect was almost completed by the time Dwight L. Moody took up his work. It has remained unchallenged. So that here again the liberal has failed to be aware of tendencies; he has a fondness for the emotions, a doubt about the value of the pure intellect; and he finds a religion which originally apealed to the emotions, against the intellect, has become a political force immovably hostile to liberalism. It is also a democratic religion; it shattered the aristocracy of Puritanism; and in recent years it has offended against the very spirit of democracy.

The formative years are the two decades between 1830 and 1850—the twenty years during which the earlier attacks upon Puritanism gathered themselves and created chaos in the American spirit. At that time, fanaticism, supposedly crushed under the liberal influences of the Revolution, showed life again. We are evidently passing through another period; and there are signs that cults and miracles will be shown us.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Men without a Country

SIR: I take the liberty of writing these few lines in connection with an important question, which, in my opinion, is worth a broader discussion on the part of intelligent and responsible men. Being a great adherent to your weekly journal, and knowing the liberalism with which the articles are fraught, I chose "it" to utter my opinion in a matter so vital to the life of many thousands of young men. I hope, though this letter may be written in a bad English, it will not undergo the same fate of similar letters, namely, the paper-basket.

In the past five years or more, thousands of young men have made their way to the U. S. of America, entering the country illegally; and therefore being considered as political "outcasts" or to put it in a milder form, violators of the immigration law. Of course, judging from a judicial point of view, these men are violators and have to be treated accordingly. The law knows no exception and a transgressor should be made responsible; that certainly would be the direct answer, and in many instances has been already made the policy of immigration authorities. But isn't there another side which could make this dry-law more flexible? The truth is that most of the so-called stowaways have come to America not for the sake of mere adventure or because of accumulating fortunes and then leave the country, but in most cases because of the hardships and horrors that the World War brought upon them. They took their bare lives in their hands and came.

It must also be remembered that those who left their native land have loosened the ties that kept them once bound. Isn't it self-understood that these God-forsaken men are also being considered abroad as deserters and therefore exposed, if deported, to a thousand new hardships? And what is the result? A multitude of homeless men are kept between hammer and anvil, are not allowed to lift their heads, and consequently are taught to fear their own shadows. I happened to be in Germany after the War in a likewise plight (I'm a native of a former Russian state) and the attitude there was more human in every respect. For let it be known; Germany was overflowed by a stream of illegal invaders, later also France. Yet they found a solution to this perplexed problem, and later on even gave opportunity to the better type of man to naturalize. This country can afford, with more ease than either Germany or France in the post-war years, to settle her account with unfortunates. America, still a country absorbing annually more than 100,000 new-comers, can't absorb those who are already here, who went through the seven various stages of hell, and perhaps have learned to adopt American customs and adjust and order their lives in accordance with the circumstances prevailing here. I daresay among these destitute and countryless men there's a sound element that would doubtless prove an easily melting material in the melting pot. Weren't also the at present so famous pilgrims driven from their native places to seek more freedom and understanding? The only difference may rest within the "law." They became freemen by reaching the American shores—we, bondsmen. Is it that America, the cradle of liberty, underwent that great change? I'm not commissioned by anybody to speak in that manner; I merely felt an internal urge to utter my opinion and by doing so to bring this matter before the circle of New Republic readers whom I trust to be men of opinion and judgment.

New York City. FRANK CUTTLER.

The Agricultural Depression

SIR: If Arthur P. Chew, in his reasoning regarding the cause of agricultural depression and the cure therefor, would avoid confusing capital with capitalized monopoly, might we not venture to hope that he might arrive at a solution that would appear less dishearteningly impracticable than the one suggested by him in the New Republic of June 13? To me, a farmer, it does not seem that it is the share of the farmer's income which goes to capital that is causing his distress, so much as it is the enforced tribute which he must pay to monopoly. This is what impoverishes him, and makes of him what Mr. Chew calls a "hopeless vassal." Therefore, may I not offer an amendment to Mr. Chew's statement of the problem? I would substitute the term monopoly for that of capital, so that it would read "the agricultural problem is a phase of the perennial conflict over the division of earnings between monopoly and labor." Mr. Chew concedes that some relief may be accomplished through readjustment of taxes; but asserts that "a complete cure would necessitate 'repealing' Ricardo's law of rent." But are we not justified in believing that a large measure of relief could be brought about by shifting to monopolists the burden of taxes that now oppresses farmers as well as, to a less extent, other producers of wealth? Further, might not a realization of Mr. Chew's ideal solution be attained by recognizing the full significance of the Ricardian law of rent, instead of "repealing" it, and so modifying the processes of taxation as to appropriate for public uses approximately the entire Ricardian rent? Thus the farmer would be relieved of his present burdensome load of taxes; and would regain that easy access to land, the loss of which, Mr. Chew holds, is the main cause of agricultural depression.

ALVA SWEEZEY.

Olivet, Kan.

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The Candy Clean-Up

SIR: When the Consumers' League of New York undertook an investigation last year into the candy industry of New York City, it scarcely foresaw the results which would follow the publication, on March 15, of its report, "Behind the Scenes in Candy Factories." Candy manufacturers, newspapers, social welfare organizations, League members and the public all joined to demand that the White List of those whose factories met the League's standards on wages, sanitation and hours should be published without delay.

Within ten days of the publication of the report, the New York Association of Manufacturers of Confectionery and Chocolate held a meeting and appointed a committee to confer with the officers of the League on the report and its findings. Meantime, City Commissioner of Health Dr. Louis I. Harris had investigated candy factories in Brooklyn and Manhattan, and had closed five for repeated violations of the Sanitary Code.

The Confectioners' Association, through its committee, formally accepted all the League's standards for sanitation, hours and general conditions with the exception of No. 2, dealing with wages. In coöperation with this committee, the League addressed a letter to two hundred candy manufacturers in New York City asking if they wished to be included on the list of those whose factories met with our requirements.

So wide a response was received requesting an immediate inspection and endorsement that the League at once employed four competent investigators, who visited and reported on every factory to which they were invited. On May 18, at a meeting at the New York City Club, a White List of fifty-seven firms was presented to our members and to the representatives of fifty social service organizations. It was pointed out that each manufacturer on this list had met all requirements both as to wages and sanitary conditions, and had promised to maintain these standards. Ten out of these fifty-seven, at the time of the inspection, were found to comply with every requirement of the League. In order to qualify, structural and sanitary alterations were made wherever necessary, and *forty-one raised the wages of beginners to $14 a week.* (The League has felt that, by insisting on this weekly wage of $14 for beginners, it did no more than accept a standard set by the most progressive manufacturers in the industry itself.)

The report has emphasized anew the power of the consumer, and has been welcomed by responsible candy manufacturers in a way which shows that they recognize the importance of such action by public-spirited citizens. Candy lovers may now continue to eat most of their favorite brands secure in the knowledge that the candy is made under clean conditions and by workers whose lot has been materially improved.

Copies of the Candy "White List" may be had by addressing the Consumers' League of New York at 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

MARY D. BLANKENHORN,
Executive Secretary, the Consumers' League of New York.

New York City.

Those Washington Juries

SIR: In the District of Columbia there is a continuous, and a recurrently vigorous agitation for the vote. The best argument I know against enfranchising the citizens of the national capital is the performance of juries in the District. During the last year various aspects of the oil scandals have come before the District courts, and with consistent regularity the juries declared Sinclair and the other big looters not guilty. These juries were typical levies from the white citizenry of Washington. At the conclusion of the last trial, when Robert W. Stewart was let off without a scratch, the lawyers for the defense boasted that they had not challenged a single man or woman on the jury panel. It has become increasingly clear that juries in the City of Washington do not care a hang about honesty in public life, and will offer no aid to those elements in the federal government who are fighting corruption and thievery.

I do not profess to know precisely why the several hundred thousands of people in the District are obviously an inferior lot in their public attitudes, but several plausible explanations are available. (1) For several generations the federal government has drawn into Washington the clerical type, namely, persons who are timid and half-educated. (2) Although there is lack of opportunity in the District for any sort of large-scale business, the steady disbursement of a huge government pay-roll has attracted a population of little business people, with the typical point of view of the *petite bourgeoisie,* who supply the government workers with their food, clothing, credit, and land. (3) The federal government comes in contact with the people of the District chiefly as a job-giver, and hence shows to them its least lovely face, marked by patronage, spoils, and favoritism—enough in itself to turn any population into a set of cynics.

People of this sort, despite the many exceptions, set the tone in Washingon, and the United States will be wise not to give the District self-government, unless it wishes to set an example to the States in political dishonesty, inefficiency, and narrow-mindedness.

C. R. HUGINS.

Washington, D. C.

What Are the Coolidge Policies?

SIR: Promptly after the announcement of the selection of Mr. Hoover at Kansas City, some of the newspapers here printed editorials eulogizing the gentleman. All of them advanced among their reasons for praising the idea that the gentleman can be expected, if elected, to follow the "Coolidge policies." I have read much praise of the "Coolidge policies," but I do not understand them, for what to me is the very good reason that I have never had them specifically explained. I mean, taken one by one and explained clearly. These editorials coming all at the same time prompted me to make an effort to find out what they were. Selecting the editorial that seemed most lavish in its praise, I wrote its editor, explaining that I am probably extremely dumb, requesting an answer to the following question: What are the "Coolidge policies," outside of the advocacy of parsimony, inertia and smugness? My explanation of myself was probably unnecessary to that editor in view of my question, and perhaps his agreeing with my explanation accounts for the fact that I have had no answer. . . . I suggested, too, in my letter, that it would be a fine idea to write another piece containing a good, clear, concise fact outline of the "Coolidge policies," as such a piece might not only enlighten a number of people, but might also help to prevent some of those who, like myself, might be dumb enough or careless enough to do so, from voting next November for the Democratic nominee. Such an editorial has not appeared so far in that paper. I am therefore putting my question up to you.

W. R. ODELL.

Chicago, Ill.

The United States and China

SIR: We believe that some of your readers will be interested in receiving our latest bulletin, which is a brief sketch of the historical contact between the United States and China, and a discussion of the policy of this country towards China. Our general purpose in publishing these bulletins, (of which the one just mentioned is the eighth), is to give to our people a clearer, more comprehensive, and fairer estimate of the situation in China than is secured through the usual press mediums. There is no charge for them. Address 1909 Hobart Building, San Francisco.

C. C. DANIELS,
Executive Secretary, the American Committee for Fair Play in China.

San Francisco, Calif.

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The Skull of Swift

The Skull of Swift, by Shane Leslie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 347 pages. $3.50.

MR. LESLIE properly entitles his monograph an extempore exhumation. Extempore it is in its variations on the macabre theme suggested by the discovery in 1835 of Swift's and Stella's skulls in the Cathedral of St. Patrick, where the union so ardently desired, so steadfastly opposed, so long postponed and so doubtfully admitted, was at last consummated. Mr. Leslie writes in a staccato, epigrammatic style, dramatizing the steps of a career often rehearsed: the poor pensioner of Dublin University, who "was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency," and at last admitted by special favor; the secretary of Sir William Temple at Moor Park, whose ambition was to become a poet and whose happiness was in being the tutor of Hester Johnson; the Irish clergyman of Kilroot and Laracor, seeking preferment by political means in a political Church; the ruler of the world of wit in London in the last days of Queen Anne, who made parliamentary majorities, ministers, and European peace, and marred himself with an Irish deanery; the Irish patriot; the platonic lover of Stella and Vanessa; the author of "Gulliver's Travels"; the politician and wit once more of the post-Augustan age, over which gathered the shadows of the Hanoverians; and the inheritor of an empty fame, a barren preferment, a worn-out body wracked by pain and a mind sinking slowly into madness.

One of the recurrent themes in Mr. Leslie's book is the immense impression made by Swift on his contemporaries. He reminds us that Thackeray, with his sure touch on things of Queen Anne's day, makes Esmond say that he "always thought of Swift and Marlborough as the two greatest men of the age." Like Marlborough, Swift won his ascendancy in coffee house and council by sheer personal force. In the brief period when he was the intellectual and active energy behind the Tory ministry of Harley and Bolingbroke, he exulted in his power on page after page of the "Journal to Stella": Pope shall have a thousand guineas in subscriptions before publishing his "Homer." The wits shall be protected even if they are Whigs: "Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be kindly used and secured. Rowe I have recommended and got a promise of a place." Marlborough he will use gently: "Sure, now he is down I shall not trample on him." He will cut the Emperor out of the settlement made at Utrecht, for "having done nothing for the war [he] shall get nothing by the peace." Yet the irony of circumstance triumphed. Of all the rich rewards which the Tories had to dispense, Swift, their ablest, barely captured the Deanery of St. Patrick, with its entail of exile.

Again, when after years of suppression Swift won a double victory, over England with the "Drapier's Letters," and over mankind with "Gulliver's Travels," the triumph was only a prelude to an intellectual collapse which was as complete as his political catastrophe. His fate became one of those cases of the intervention of fortune in human affairs which men have commemorated in the "Fall of Princes" and such works. Again his name was coupled with Marlborough's in Johnson's epigram in the "Vanity of Human Wishes":

> From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow
> And Swift expires, a driveller and a show.

In the minds of his contemporaries and of posterity the fate of Swift has aroused less pity than wonder. For Swift, if he did not announce himself as the enemy of the human race, at least qualified as the most candid of its friends. Among those who have sat in the seat of the scornful, Carlyle is the only one who has equaled him in the energy of vituperation; but while Carlyle sees the ideal possibilities beneath the stupidity and crassness of the average man, Swift sees only the paltry and the base. He lashes mankind because they are content to masquerade in the garments of the magnanimous and the pure in heart—not because they can ever become so. His message is know thyself, not that thou mayest become better than thyself, but merely for the sake of recognizing that thou art a trivial, timid, vile, heartless, selfish, clownish fool. Swift was never a reformer. He suffered from the spectacle of wrongs, and lacerated his heart with his *saeva indignatio*. He delighted in his power to humble the proud; but at bottom he has no faith in the capacity of the race to achieve, or its virtue to deserve amelioration. He is a pessimist and a cynic.

The key to Swift's attitude toward humanity, however, is not hatred but distrust, amounting at times to fear. His early experience of life in Dublin, his painful dependence upon Sir William Temple, taught him how helpless the individual is in a predatory world. Genius did not free him from this fear; it rather increased the feeling, for it drove him to intense and dangerous activity. There were two roles to play in life, the hunter and the hunted, and Swift early made up his mind to be of the pursuit. Accordingly, he found refuge in the patronage of Sir William Temple; thence he took sanctuary in the Church; and next he sought alliance with the most powerful party in the State. His arrogance in power was partly self-indulgence in a period of unaccustomed security, partly a sense of wild exhilaration in living dangerously, partly the reasoned strategy of defense through attack. His passionate eagerness for preferment and reward was, at bottom, a desire to secure his retreat. Genius drove him to literary expression and controversy, but fear dictated the precaution of a formal anonymity. His parsimony was the fear of poverty, whose sharp tooth he had felt. In the triumph of the "Drapier's Letters," Swift savored the keen taste of danger which exists only for the man who fears greatly. The same emotion must have entered into his relation with Vanessa, whom he enjoyed on the edge of a precipice. For Stella, to whom Mr. Leslie thinks Swift was undoubtedly married, his love could not endure the burden of a hostage to fortune, in a world where flight might always be necessary.

But if Swift early decided to hunt with the pack, he still had a present cause of fear—the distrust of himself, the suspicion that by living with men he might grow like them. And against such a contingency he had one antidote, mockery. There was something worse than suffering in the world—there was nonsense. "Life is a ridiculous tragedy," he wrote, and for him the adjective had a more bitter sting than the noun. The constitution of the world provided that mankind should be not only sinful, but silly. What, in such a world, was a man of sense and discernment to do? He should be watchful never to be deluded, never to give himself away, never to trust. The one absolute refuge in such a world was mockery. If the unseen powers were playing with us, it was the part of the strong man to ally himself with them, to play too.

This is, perhaps, the explanation of that gigantic sense of play which Swift showed in the adventures recorded of him, behavior in which his intolerable restlessness found

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assuagement, antics which remind us of the tricks in the Second Act of "Faust." The stories of Swift's buffooneries need not all be true, but we have one case in which a practical joke became literature, when in the Tatler Swift prophesied the death of Partridge, the astrologer, and in spite of the victim's indignant protest, assembled evidence to prove that he actually did die at the appointed hour. Many of Swift's greater writings, "The Tale of a Tub," "A Modest Proposal for Preventing Children in Ireland from Becoming a Burden to their Parents," above all, "Gulliver's Travels," have the aspect of a game.

The story is told of Prosper Mérimée that in childhood he heard a group of his elders, whom he had just left, burst into laughter at his naïveté, and then and there took as his touchstone for life, "Remember to distrust." The same motto might have served Swift. When only twenty-two, he drew up a set of maxims for use When I Grow to Be Old, among which we find "Not to be fond of children, or let them come near me hardly." It is recorded by more than one authority that he used to say, "There is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship which must always leave the survivor miserable." This is characteristic of Swift: he is not without human affections, but he will deny them; he is not false to his friends, but to friendship itself. To the virtue that was in him he was an infidel. His deeds of charity, and there were many of them, were accompanied by a sneer. If he did good to men, it would be while laughing at them. If he would persuade them to do good, it should be on the lowest grounds and by appeal to the basest motives.

Thus Swift remained not an enemy of the race of men, but rather a spy in the camp. Securing himself within their society and institutions, he never gave himself loyally to their interests or their hearts. The men who fare best with the world are those who are on the easiest terms with it—who, like Goldsmith, trust it for the morrow. For Swift there remains, with increasing admiration for his gifts, not "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," but rather the fascination of a personality baleful, sinister, malign. Perhaps he would have wished it so.

R. M. L.

Dynamic Liberalism

The Inquiring Mind, by Zechariah Chafee, Jr. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 276 pages. $2.50.

PRIMARILY these essays deal with a single aspect of liberalism. They deal, that is, with the struggle for free speech as waged in the courts and as decided by more or less conflicting verdicts, which the author interprets in his admirably lucid prose. They deal with the Gitlow case in New York, the Gilbert case in Minnesota, the law against criminal syndicalism in California, and the prosecution in Massachusetts of the atheist Anthony Bimba. They are concerned with special instances of repression, and yet there are very few works in which the general attitude of the liberal is more clearly or appealingly expressed.

Mr. Chafee begins by explaining that he is not a socialist, a communist, an anarchist, an I. W. W. or an atheist. He has not the slightest desire for a soviet government in the United States. On the contrary, he says: "My sympathies and all my interests and associations are with people who save, who manage and produce." He is a conservator of the existing order, a defender of the classes now in power. "But," he adds, "I want my side to fight fairly and wisely, and I regard some of the methods hereafter discussed . . . as distinctly short-sighted or unfair fighting."

To judge from this passage, his liberalism consists merely in a sense of fair play. There are other statements, however, which prove that it rests on a deeper basis. He even implies that the preservation of the existing order is not an end in itself. Quoting the industrialists who assert that big business cannot run without espionage, without the suppression of meetings, without the hearty support of pulpit and press in critical times—quoting, moreover, the imperialists who defended the Amritsar massacre by saying that British rule could not be preserved without a whiff of grapeshot—he asks whether the present system is worth preserving if loss of liberty be the price. Stability is not his final standard. With an almost hieratic air he repeats Acton's proposition that "The end of government is liberty, not happiness or power."

Now, the love of liberty has guided those of many political faiths. It has fired the aspirations of royalists and syndicalists, of anarchists and guild socialists, to say nothing of democrats and republicans. The liberal of Mr. Chafee's type distrusts these labels, and even more, he avoids extremes. He possesses a sort of moderation which is neither indifference nor the lack of passion; it is a dynamic stability, a calm resulting from the battle of two winds.

Let us consider this conflict as revealed in the present volume. Emotionally, Mr. Chafee's faith is almost that of an anarchist like Kropotkin. Economically, he is conservative, even traditional. Intellectually, he is an example of the inquiring mind which criticizes both these attitudes, seeking continually for new horizons. And, as a result of these conflicting tendencies, he is led not only into tolerance for all, but into beliefs which sometimes seem paradoxical. He wishes to prevent revolutions by giving the widest latitude to revolutionists. He sympathizes with strikes and attacks the organizations which support them. He loves freedom so intensely that he is willing to enforce it, if necessary, by compulsory arbitration.

Explicitly or implicitly, every political faith leads toward some utopia, and the one suggested by Mr. Chafee's essays is particularly appealing. It is a country in which individual efforts would be rewarded, in which inequalities would exist as a spur to ambition, but in which there would be justice for all. Citizens, protected from the bureaucracy, would be allowed to live as they pleased, and only free speech would be compulsory. The whole nation, acquiring, testing, rejecting or accepting new ideas, would live in the glow of dynamic tolerance. And all this could be accomplished without revolution, perhaps without legislation; we need merely convert our administrators and judges to the liberal frame of mind.

In the path of this utopia stands one insurmountable difficulty. It is the fact that true liberalism, being difficult to achieve and resulting, not from inertia, but from the conflict of powerful emotions in the same mind, will always be a doctrine with few adherents. There are two liberals, it is true, in the Supreme Court; there are others in district courts, and there are half a dozen governors with liberal tendencies. But our civilization seems unable to produce such men in sufficient numbers, and we are left blundering toward the polls to make our immemorial choice between men who believe in extremes and men who believe in nothing whatsoever.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

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Andrew Johnson

Andrew Johnson, Plebeian and Patriot, by Robert W. Winston. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 549 pages. $5.

IN a little, tumble-down house within a stone's throw of the capitol of North Carolina and in the year 1808, there was born one of the most courageous and clear-sighted of all the men who have ever occupied that charmed place in Washington called the White House. The father, Jacob Johnson, was a poor white, a porter to Casso's Inn, aiding fine ladies to dismount from their high, awkward carriages and running errands for his betters; the mother, Dorothy McDonough, a good-natured soul whom everybody liked, was hardly more than a cook, albeit a good one. Neither mother nor father knew much of the abstruse arts of reading or writing, nor was there likelihood that young Andrew would ever learn more. But, in spite of poverty and dirt, there was something attractive and noble about Jacob Johnson which the village of Raleigh duly recognized when, on a cold December day, he rescued Colonel Henderson from a watery grave and lost his own life in consequence.

When young Andrew reached the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a tailor for a term of seven years. Two years later, the apprentice, after the manner of apprentices since the earliest American settlements, with a new suit of clothes on his back, disappeared, leaving his master much perturbed. During the stormy days of Andrew Jackson, the runaway apprentice rose to the position of a prosperous tailor in the town of Greenville, Tennessee, talking politics with a glib tongue, reading simple books and learning to write under the tutelage of Eliza McCardle, a faithful Irish girl who had become his wife. From that happy if humble position, Johnson rose to be a legislator of Tennessee, talking loudly against aristocrats; then he became a member of Congress from the wild, eastern counties of his adopted state, next a "radical" governor of Tennessee, Senator of the United States and finally Vice-President: Andrew Johnson, stout, stocky, square-headed, with a big nose which his opponents tried in vain to tweak, and with a manner frank, blunt and ungracious, one of the many self-made men whom Americans love to consider convincing examples of their generous, democratic faith.

Such, in brief, is the career which Judge Winston, himself of distinguished family and a keen critic of life, has chosen for his first essay in the tangled field of history. And I may as well say now as later that he has accomplished his task so well that all who love the real history of their country must wish him long years and other congenial subjects. This is, in fact, the first adequate biography of the impeached President; and it offers a good deal that is new to scholars and more that will seem new to the so-called educated public, and offers it in a style and manner as interesting as a sex novel to a generation that has just discovered sex.

The author retells the story of Johnson's ten years in the national House of Representatives, showing that he had, first, to fight for his place and then for his one pet plan of giving "lands to the landless," as unfriendly critics called his famous homestead measure. The idea of a free distribution of the public domain dates back to Jefferson in 1776. It was pressed from 1836 to 1846 by Robert J. Walker, the clever combination of statesman and adventurer of his time. Johnson, who represented the eastern counties of Tennessee, whence more than half the population had emigrated westward in the preceding twenty years, made the homestead measure the one policy of his public career before the outbreak of the Civil War. He succeeded at last, in spite of jeers from Southern leaders like Jefferson Davis, and eastern men who wished working people to remain where they were. Buchanan, for whom Johnson had campaigned with enthusiasm, vetoed his bill.

The long fight for free homesteads brought Johnson into close relations with organizations of working people, and tied his own district to him so firmly that he remained its ideal statesman through all the bloody years of the war—one of the causes of the defeat of the Confederacy. But he was the only Southern member of Congress who, in the decade of 1850 to 1860, favored "socialistic" legislation. At the same time Johnson was himself the owner of eight slaves, and both he and his district were opposed to emancipation, the proverbial anti-Negro attitude of the poorer classes of the South.

But Judge Winston thinks Johnson's next great service to the cause of nationality came on March 2, 1861, when the North was lost as if in a wilderness. Johnson then made a speech in which he boldly declared that secessionists were traitors and must be subdued. In New England and all over the West the Tennessee Senator was read and quoted with the greatest enthusiasm. It was an address which may fairly be compared with Webster's speech of 1830 and Douglas' great effort in April, 1861. Only the bitterness and cruel injustices of later years have served to blot out the impression Johnson then made. And, of course, when Lincoln took up the reins of office he lent all the weight of his growing influence to that perplexed, if not bewildered statesman. It was he who wrote the resolution which passed both houses of Congress in July, 1861, and which set forth in the clearest terms the purposes of the war on the part of the Union. And, it may as well be repeated, the resolution passed upon a unanimous vote: the object of the war was simply to restore the Union and neither to emancipate any slaves nor to interfere with any of the rights of states—a declaration which was remembered against him when he became President.

When Grant's army over-ran western Tennessee in the spring of 1862, Lincoln sent Johnson to Nashville as the first military governor of a Southern state; and he caused Buell's army of forty or fifty thousand men to take and keep through the following year such positions as to defend the governor, whose life was in danger every day. The experiences of Johnson and Lincoln in Tennessee led to the famous Lincoln plan of reconstruction, so bitterly resented by Congress in the winter of 1863-4. In consequence of this coöperation of the two close friends, Lincoln practically compelled the nomination of the Tennesseean for Vice-President: an interesting ticket, "the rail-splitter and the tailor." And the appeal was, all over the North and in the border states, to the common man. It is one more reminder of the fact that the American Civil War always wore the complexion of a social revolution—a point which Judge Winston makes clear.

Finally, the sore-tried governor of Tennessee became President, and his bitter experiences led Stanton, Sumner and Wade to think that he would demand the heads of all the greater Confederate chieftains. And Johnson fell in with the wishes of the most vindictive and lent his full support to the hanging of poor Mrs. Surratt, when evidence of her innocence had been suppressed by government counsel, suppressed and not even shown to Johnson. It proved to be

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the last of the President's vindictiveness; and both Wade and Sumner began no doubt whether God Almighty had, after all, directed the hand of John Wilkes Booth that night in Ford's theater.

The meaning of the impeachment proceedings has been clearly enough discerned by other historians. But the meanness and the ingratitude of men like Butler and Bingham; the open packing of the Senate by the righteous Sumner, and the actual bribery of witnesses to swear falsely against the President, have nowhere been presented with more thoroughness and measured restraint. One matter that has escaped other students is duly noted by Judge Winston: if Johnson had been convicted and punished, parliamentary government would most likely have developed and the power of the people over administration would have been greatly increased; nor were Stevens and his vindictive colleagues unaware of this tendency of their work.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

Crusaders' Memories

The Tired Captains, by Kent Curtis. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.

Letters from a Flying Officer, by Rothesay Stuart Wortley. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

A Subaltern on the Somme in 1916, by Mark VII. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

These Men, Thy Friends, by Edward Thompson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Way of Sacrifice, by Fritz von Unruh. Translated from the German by C. A. Macartney. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

BY checking off one war story against another, we are gradually arriving at some idea of what the War must have been like. These five accounts are all cast in the rough form of fiction, but four of them bear the clear stamp of a personal record: "The Tired Captains" is just a story.

It is the story of two friends, flyers in the same squadron of the Royal Flying Corps; in appearance, Tristram Gore is an Achilles, Miles Gloriosus Dwight a Thersites. But Dwight writes poems, which, at first as a joke, he publishes under his friend's name. The poems are widely read, a book is published, and Tristram Gore's heroic death does not hinder the sales. The real author, Dwight, then marries Gore's fiancée, who despises him, and he drags a plutocratic but miserable existence around the earth until his death in a West Indian hurricane. It is the old plagiarism plot, and not a bit more probable than when it was first pasted together. The book is written in Conrad's method of interrupted reminiscence, and in something of his manner, but these improbable impostures make it almost a parody. The war scenes which begin the story, and which raise our hopes, are only the peg on which the author has seen fit to hang his melodrama.

Melodrama is the last word which could be applied to "Letters of a Flying Officer." The book was written avowedly as propaganda "to interest the youth of England in the future of the Air." It is in the form of a diary of a Flight Commander of the R. F. C. who served from the first days of the War, when pilots were unarmed, through all the stages of aerial combat. The hero is the best type of English *Junker*—more familiar to us than his German opposite number, but fundamentally, one suspects, indistinguishable from him. His delighted comments on the War are apt to be of this caliber (he is speaking of the repulse of the Prussian Guard on November 11, 1914): "The Brigadier, when asked how his men had fared, is reported to have answered: 'We had an uncommonly good shoot.' That was the way they treated it. . . . These men, of whom, out of the eighty officers and 4,500 other ranks who saw the dawn of the attack, there struggled into bivouac the following day, five officers and 578 men." The War, in short, was never anything more nor anything less than a sporting affair. When the author attempts to distinguish one human creature from another, he writes exactly like a twelve-year-old schoolboy; on the other hand, his descriptions of flying and of fighting in the air are realistic to a degree and told with hair-raising simplicity. It is good propaganda.

"A Subaltern on the Somme" is a pedestrian, somewhat dreary, apparently faithful account of what it was like to be an infantry officer in the trenches in 1916. It, too, is in diary form. There is some excitement at intervals in the narrative; never a hint of glamor. The anonymous author is not the soldier-aristocrat type at all: he never takes the military point of view; it may be suspected that he was not a great success as an officer. He sympathizes too much with the civilian population. "You have to be very charitable before you open your house gladly to officers who are a little lousy, usually none too well bred, and sometimes quite anxious to seduce your servants."

We have not heard overmuch, in this country, of the British campaign in Mesopotamia. We may remember having seen photographs of British soldiers looking very sunburned, in pith helmets and funny-looking "shorts," and may have drawn the inference that these comparatively lucky ones led a healthy outdoor life and amused themselves by chasing the Turks to Bagdad. "These Men, Thy Friends" should go a long way toward correcting such an impression. Mud, trenches, fever, high explosive and the yard-by-yard ground-gaining that marked the fighting on the Western Front were also the daily commonplaces of this campaign. The book includes a map of the battlefields, and the author, in a preface, announces that he has not departed from essential history, except in changing the names of individuals and regiments. It is a bitter account, for the author—in common, apparently, with the majority of intelligent officers—has more than one score to settle with the callous stupidity of the higher command. "Mushaidiyeh cost more than fifteen hundred casualties. The action was of no particular importance. No historian will ever bother to mention it."

"Way of Sacrifice" is the most interesting book about the War we have seen for a long time. First, because it is a German book. Of course, the Germans must have been writing as many books about the War as the French and the English have, but we were not allowed to see them. We were supposed to believe that Germany was sitting in the ashes, repenting of her fearful crimes. Now, apparently, it is safe to let us see how the fighting looked from the wrong side. "Way of Sacrifice," according to its American publishers, was originally written at the behest of the German General Staff in the spring of 1916, to be used as propaganda to encourage the troops, but the book turned out to be propaganda—if it can properly be called by that name at all—of a very different sort, and was suppressed by the Censor until 1918. It was said to have been smuggled, in manuscript copies, among the soldiers, and its effect, add the publishers, "is thought to have done much toward undermining German morale during the last months of the War." Certainly, if any of the besieging troops before Verdun got hold of it, it might easily have

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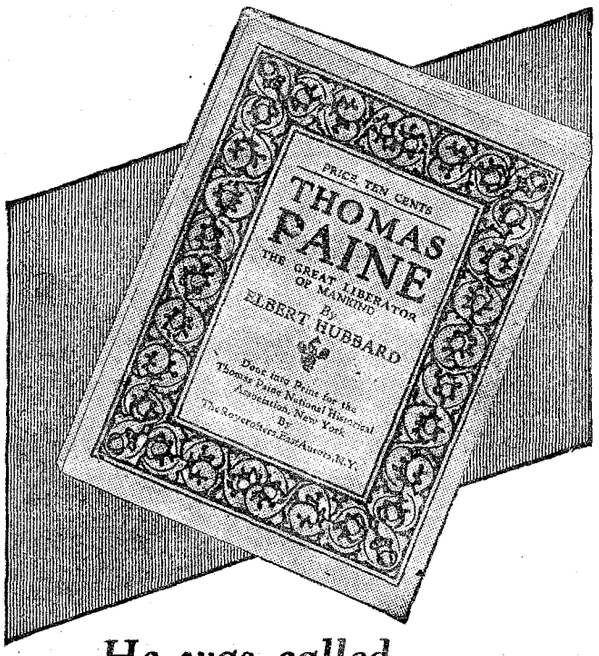

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shaken them. For it is the story of a storm troop and what became of it. It is written in a highly emotional, increasingly strained style, that bursts sometimes into hysteria and sometimes into the kind of ecstasy of despair that seems to threaten everything. A revolutionary book; the General Staff did well to suppress it. Out of the impressionistic welter the individuals of the company slowly appear: the Captain, von Werner, confiding his treasonable thoughts to his diary: Sergeant Hillbrand, a German of the antique mold; Clemens, the ex-schoolmaster; the Cadet, carrying the wounded bird in his tunic till the morning of the assault; Preis, the Falstaffian drummer, dreaming of glory and attacked by diarrhœa in the midst of the advance; Fips, the cook, a melancholy Jaques; the ex-waiter, shell-shocked into madness. By the time the company has moved up into position for the final attack on the terrible forts of Verdun, we are with them; we are members of that mad and hopeless assault; we stare with them across the parapet—at the enemy.

This is art; but a few years ago, who would have thought so? T. S. MATTHEWS.

Jipping Street, by Kathleen Woodward. New York: Harper and Brothers. 150 pages. $2.50.

"JIPPING STREET" is a quiet, mercilessly comprehensive and poetic account of a child's life in a London slum. Without either suppressing or sentimentalizing any of the facts of an environment so horrible that any animal but man would die in it, and only the modern *lumpen-proletariat* could accept it as a matter of course, Miss Woodward has nevertheless contrived by her very gentleness and reticence to throw over this narrative a haze of grave beauty which seems strangely out of accord with its facts. It is as though she had etched what might have been a poster, or murmured when she should have screamed. But the technique of understatement is not surprising in a young woman who went from twelve hours a day over her mother's basement washtub (a mother who "remains for me one of the most singular and individual women I have ever known"), to twelve other hours a day in a collar factory, thence into trade-union organization work, and finally to the solace of Gibbon, Macaulay, and four white-washed walls; and the result is a most vivid and compelling miniature of a working-class youth. Yet, when all is said and done, it remains a Whistler etching, with something less of the real harshness of poverty than a single one of the lice under Stephen Dedalus' collar-buttonless collar.

If this is the first book of a young writer, as appears from the publisher's announcement, Miss Woodward's future work will well repay watching. It has both ease and force, as well as a genuine distinction of style.

ROBERT WOLF.

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